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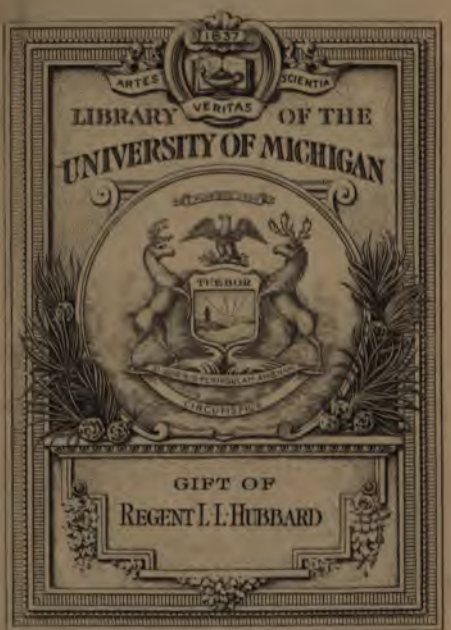
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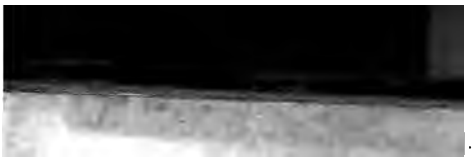

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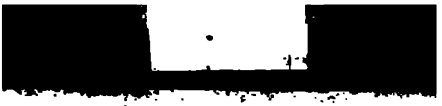

THE

WORKS

OF

Dr JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of St PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

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MISCELLANIES in VERSE.

A Criticism on these Miscellanies.

THE poetical performances of Dr Swift ought to be considered as occasional poems, framed either to please, or vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire. We see fine sketches in several of his pieces: but he seems more desirous to inform and strengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chuses to discover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illustrate and add beauties to his own. Like a skilful artist he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers caustics, which erode proud flesh, to softer balsamics, which give more immediate ease. He aims to be severely useful, rather than politely engaging: and, as he was either not formed, or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became in some measure superior to it; and assumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the same age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him, than any other poet: and if we may make an allowance for the different course of study, and different form of government, to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both poets are equally distinguished for wit and humour. Each displays a peculiar felicity in diction. But, of the two, Horace is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns, he pleases. Swift takes pleasure in giving pain. The dissimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was disappointed. Horace, from an exiled low state, rose into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendship of Augustus. Each poet was the delight of the principal persons of his age. *Cum magnis vixisse*, was not more applicable to Horace, than to Swift. They both were temperate; both were frugal; and both were of the same Epicurean taste. Horace had his Lydia, Swift had his Vanessa. Horace had his Mecænas and his Agrippa; Swift had his Oxford and his Bolingbroke. Horace had his Virgil, Swift had his Pope.

Swift, who had the nicest ear, is remarkably chaste and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry; and yet it is a sin into which some of our greatest poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, Pope sometimes. The former was imbarrassed with a wife and family; and was often under such necessitous circumstances, as to be obliged to publish, or to want subsistence. The latter was in a less confined, and in a much more easy situation. He was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain the dignity of his character. Altho' his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and

he wore it not only with eaſe, but majeſty. Take him as a poet, *we ſhall not ſee his like again.*

The Dean kept company with many of the fair ſex; but they were rather his amuſement than his admiration. He trifled away many hours in their converſation, he filled many pages in their praiſe, and, by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, ſupported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the exceſſive coldneſs of his nature, Vaneſſa owed the ruin of her reputation; and from the ſame cauſes, Stella remained an unacknowledged wife. If we conſider Swift's behaviour, ſo far only as it relates to women, we ſhall find, that he looked upon them rather as buſts, than as whole figures. In his panegyrical deſcriptions, he has ſeldom deſcended lower than the centre of their hearts; or if ever he has deſigned a compleat ſtatue, it has been generally caſt in a dirty, or in a diſagreeable mould: as if ſtatuary had not conceived, or had not experienced that juſtneſs of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and thoſe pleaſing and graceful attitudes which have conſtituted the ſex to be the moſt beautiful part of the creation. If you review his ſeveral poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affection than deſire, and more expreſſive of friendſhip than of love. For example,

Thou, STELLA, *wert no longer young,*
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung;
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſs'd,
I ne'er admitted love a gueſt.

Moſt of the poems which are abſolutely addreſſed to Stella, or which deſcribe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age: a kind of excuſe perhaps for Swift's want of love.

It is impoſſible for me to paſs a very minute comment upon the various poems wrote by Swift. They are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and ſubjects; but many, very many of them, are temporary, trifling, and I had almoſt ſaid puerile. Several of them are perſonal, and conſequently ſcarce amuſing; or at leaſt they leave a very ſmall impreſſion upon our minds. Such indeed as are likely to draw your attention, are exquiſite, and ſo peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in theſe, or in any of his works, has conſtantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we ſhall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, ſurpriſing, heteroclite genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his deſcriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter, in his ſatire. The reſtleſsneſs of his imagination, and the diſappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of *length or importance.* His wit was ſufficient to every labour: no *flight could have* wearied the ſtrength of his pinions: perhaps, if *the extenſive views* of his nature had been fully ſatisfied, his airy

motions

motions had been more regular, and less sudden. But he now appears like an eagle that is sometimes chained; and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeases his hunger, by destroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched insects that unluckily happen to buz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his poems, I have considered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic; which tho' it had an unnatural, and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always contained some secret marks of wisdom, and sometimes of deep morality. The subjects of his poems are often nauseous, and the performances beautifully disagreeable.

The lady's dressing-room has been universally condemned, as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the highest degree. The best apology that can be made in its favour, is to suppose, that the author exhibited his Celia in the most hideous colours he could find, lest she might be mistaken as a goddess, when she was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and Swift, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his design. But let his views and motives have been ever so beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum must not hope even to find the shadow of an excuse; for it is impossible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeness and tenderness of manners, which are undoubtedly due to human kind. From his early and repeated disappointments, he became a misanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aspect. And perhaps, under a less constant rotation of anxiety, he might have preserved his senses to the last scene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the stage, for which his friend Horace so earnestly supplicates Apollo.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones, et precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

His pride was so great as scarce to admit any body to the least share of his friendship, except such who could amuse him, or such who could do him honour. To these two different classes we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to Stella, or in other miscellaneous pieces, written in an easy, altho' not in a careless manner. His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style: and you will perceive a real dignity, and a most delicate kind of wit, in all his poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborow, Lord Carteret (now Earl of Granville), Mr Pulteney (now Earl of Bath); and I think I may particularly add, to a

be almoſt to be queſtioned, whether, in many inſtances, this deſpicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical compoſition, than any other circumſtance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great diſadvantage to our Engliſh poetry. The fineſt poem that we can boaſt, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the Iliad, is void of thoſe fetters. But when it is our deſtiny to wear chains, ſurely we may be allowed to make them as light and eaſy as we can.

The ſecond poem, *Verſes on the death of Dr Swift*, is a moſt pointed piece of ſarcaſm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more ſevere. In it he has ſummoned together his whole powers of ſatire and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and diſappointment. But as the two laſt lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inſerted in the firſt edition, publiſhed at London, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem, that is otherwiſe as exactly poliſhed as any of Swift's niceſt compoſitions. *Orrery.*

The merits of Dr Swift in the character of a poet are conſiderably great. His deſcriptions, wherein there conſtantly appear the diſtinguiſhing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely juſt and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaſte and delicate; and in places, when, rather by accident than choice, he riſes from the earth, and ſoars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the fineſt maſters among the Greeks and Romans, his ideas are lofty, and his verſification muſically ſonorous. And yet after all he is not to be conſidered in the light of a profeſſed poet; the multitude of his writings on various ſubjects, both in verſe and proſe, being an evident demonſtration, that he was ſuperior to any particular courſe of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never ſat muſing in his elbow-chair upon new ſubjects, for the exerciſe of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occaſionally to pleaſe and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the ſpur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that ſeem to have been the labour of more than one day, how greatly ſoever they might have been corrected and poliſhed afterwards to his own liking, before he tranſcribed them fair.

There indiſputably runs a vein of ſatire throughout all his writings: but, as he declares that no [illegible] would have more deſerved it, than that particular age where [illegible] deſtined to live; he is intitled to all the praiſe we can [illegible] him, for exerting his whole abilities in the defence [illegible] and his country. In his general ſatire, where per[illegible] are equally meant, he hath never once thro' mal[illegible] name of any one perſon; the vice nevertheleſs [illegible] attempt and ridicule. But in particular ſatire, wh[illegible] traitors to the weal public, and ſlaves to par[illegible] of his reſentment, he laſhes without mercy; wh[illegible] which is perhaps a taſte of hell, is the only [illegible] in this world

Not any of his senators presumed to approach him, when he signified his pleasure to remain in private, and without interruption. His nightgown and slippers were not easier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own person, or more devotion to his own mandates. This despotic power not only blinded him, but gave a loose to passions that ought to have been kept under a proper restraint. I am sorry to say, that whole nations are sometimes sacrificed to his resentment: for reflections of that sort appear to me the least justifiable of any kind of satire. You will read his *acerrima* with indignation, and his *miserabile* with regret. Yet I must add, that since he has descended so low as to write, and still so much lower as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of versification. The lines are smoother, the expressions are neater, and the thought is closer pursued, than in any other *riddle-writer* whatever. But Swift composing riddles, is Titian painting draught-boards; which must have been inexcusable, while there remained a signpost-painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, *An epistle to Dr Sheridan*, and, *A description of the rocks at Carbery in Ireland*; the Dean was extremely solicitous, that they should be printed among his works: and, what is no less true than amazing, he assumed to himself more vanity upon these two Latin poems, than upon many of his best English performances. It is said, that Milton in his own judgement preferred the *Paradise Regained* to the *Paradise Lost*. There possibly might be found some excuse for such a preference; but in Swift's case there can be none. He understood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it constantly; but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberiæ rupes*, and the *Epistola ad Thomam Sheridan*, had been the produce of any other author, they must have undergone a severe censure from Dr Swift.

The two poems, intitled, *The life and genuine character of Dr Swift*, and, *Verses on the death of Dr Swift*, &c. are poems of great wit and humour. The first was artfully published by Dr Swift in a manner so different from those rules of poetry to which he confined himself, that he hoped the public might mistake it for a spurious or incorrect copy, stolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleasure in this supposition: and I believe it answered his expectation. One of his strictest rules in poetry was to avoid *triplets*. What can have given rise to so nice a peculiarity, is difficult to determine. It might be owing only to a singular turn of thinking. But the reason which he publicly assigned, seemed not so much against the practice itself, as against the poets who indulged themselves in that manner of writing: "A custom (according to the Dean's opinion) introduced by lazineſs, continued by ignorance, and eſtabliſhed by falſe taſte." With deference to so great a critic, it is a custom that has frequently been perfected with remarkable success. Mr Dryden abounds in triplets; and in some of his most elegant poems, the third concluding verse seems the finest climax in the whole piece. Mr Waller, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reserved the nicest point of wit to his *triplicate line*. And, upon an impartial inquiry, it

is almoſt to be queſtioned, whether, in many inſtances, this deſpicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical compoſition, than any other circumſtance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great diſadvantage to our Engliſh poetry. The fineſt poem that we can boaſt, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the Iliad, is void of thoſe fetters. But when it is our deſtiny to wear chains, ſurely we may be allowed to make them as light and eaſy as we can.

The ſecond poem, *Verſes on the death of Dr Swift*, is a moſt pointed piece of ſarcaſm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more ſevere. In it he has ſummoned together his whole powers of ſatire and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and diſappointment. But as the two laſt lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inſerted in the firſt edition, publiſhed at London, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem, that is otherwiſe as exactly poliſhed as any of Swift's niceſt compoſitions. *Orrery.*

The merits of Dr Swift in the character of a poet are conſiderably great. His deſcriptions, wherein there conſtantly appear the diſtinguiſhing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely juſt and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaſte and delicate; and in places, when, rather by accident than choice, he riſes from the earth, and ſoars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the fineſt maſters among the Greeks and Romans, his ideas are lofty, and his verſification muſically ſonorous. And yet after all he is not to be conſidered in the light of a profeſſed poet; the multitude of his writings on various ſubjects, both in verſe and proſe, being an evident demonſtration, that he was ſuperior to any particular courſe of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never ſat muſing in his elbow-chair upon new ſubjects, for the exerciſe of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occaſionally to pleaſe and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the ſpur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that ſeem to have been the labour of more than one day, how greatly ſoever they might have been corrected and poliſhed afterwards to his own liking, before he tranſcribed them fair.

There indiſputably runs a vein of ſatire throughout all his writings: but, as he declares that no age could have more deſerved it, than that particular age wherein he was deſtined to live; he is intitled to all the praiſe we can beſtow upon him, for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general ſatire, where perhaps thouſands were equally meant, he hath never once thro' malice inſerted the name of any one perſon; the vice nevertheleſs he expoſeth to contempt and ridicule. But in particular ſatire, when egregious monſters, traitors to the weal-public, and ſlaves to party, are the objects of his reſentment, he laſhes without mercy; well-knowing, that infamy, which is perhaps a taſte of hell, is the only puniſhment which in this world

world can be inflicted upon such rebels to society, as, either by craft or corruption, bid defiance to the laws.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Dr Swift was a bright and clear genius; so extremely piercing, that every the most striking circumstance, arising from any subject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination; and these he frequently so accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets, of all ages and countries, he deserves in this particular to be the most universally admired. And this choice of circumstances, if any stress can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgment, renders a composition truly noble and sublime. The most remarkable pieces of this sort, are, *The furniture of a woman's mind*; *Betty the Grizette*; *The journal of a modern lady*; *His poem on reading*; *Dr Young's satires*; *Mordanto*; *The description of a city shower*; *The description of Quilca*; *The description of the morning*; and, *The place of the damned*. This power of the mind gave him also that desperate hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all sorts of characters. To omit those of a political nature, see *The progress of poetry*; *The second part of Traulus*; *The progress of love*; *The character of Corinna*; and, *The beautiful young nymph just going to bed*; where you will find that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered strumpet. And, from the same inexhaustible fund of wit, he acquired the historic arts both of designing and colouring, either in groups, or in single portraits. How exact, how lively, and spirited, is that group of figures in *The journal of a modern lady?* [Here the passage is inserted, beginning thus,

But let me now a while survey, &c. l. 116.

and ending,

Flew hov'ring o'er each female head, l. 135.]

And for a single portrait, if we consider the design, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, what is it that can excel the representation of Cassinus in *The tragical elegy?* [Here the passage is inserted, beginning thus,

He seem'd as just crept out of bed, &c. l. 11.

and ending thus,

Cinders plac'd, to drink it hot, l. 28.]

Throughout all his poetical writings, altho' many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair sex, there cannot be found, to the best of my recollection, one single distich, addressed in the character of a lover to any one person. If he writ any poems of that sort in his younger days, they must have been destroyed, if they be not concealed. Those verses upon women which are deemed the

the moſt ſatirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taſte, and to make them as agreeable companions at threeſcore, as at the age of five and twenty. By what I can hear, the moſt exceptionable of his poems in that way have produced ſome very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was in truth the ultimate deſign of his writing *The lady's dreſſing-room*, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be ſomewhat liable to cenſure on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the reſpective ages in which they ſeverally flouriſhed. The reſemblance however between them is not ſo exceedingly ſtrong, as that a ſimilitude and manner of writing could have excited the leaſt degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taſte, a thorough knowledge of the world, ſuperadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of theſe great men held the numerous tribe of poets, as well as that motley generation of men called critics, in the utmoſt contempt; and at the ſame time have manifeſted themſelves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the leaſt regard for the Stoics: and whatever may be ſaid of their being of the Epicurean taſte, which, if rightly underſtood, is far from being inconſiſtent with the higheſt virtue; neither of them was attached to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. Homer was the darling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares in his epiſtle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good ſenſe and wiſdom than all the philoſophers; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the reſt of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner; but, like heroes of a bold and true ſpirit, have induſtriouſly followed the bent of nature, and ſtruck out originals of their own. But however ſtrong may be ſuppoſed the reſemblance between Horace and Swift, they were in fact upon the whole quite different men. Their tempers, their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had in many reſpects greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Horace the buſineſs of his life; every deſire, every comfort, and every paſſion of his mind, were centered in the muſes: he followed the example of the Greek poets, *præter laudem nullius avarus*. Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character: he wore it as an emblem of wit and ſpirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all ſublunary affairs, and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens, and groves, and wilderneſſes of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an induſtrious bee, the quinteſſence of their ſweets; and by frequently experimenting all the changes of harmony, is deſervedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world, for the muſic of his lines, and the variety of his numbers. His addreſſes to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Druſus, are prodigiouſly

prodigiously sublime: but his hymns to the muses, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his lyre, and to Bacchus, are absolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine spirit of that *amabilis insania*, "that delightful madness," which is only to be felt, impossible to be described. His verses nevertheless are but few in number; the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only to about 7000 lines; whereof not above one half are of that species of poetry on which he desired to fix all his pretensions to fame. And it was upon these only that he bestowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one and twenty, was deeply immersed in politics during his whole life; sometimes fighting the battles of church and state against a virulent, opposing faction, which threatened to undermine the constitution; sometimes resisting the torrent of ecclesiastical, and frequently the torrent of ministerial power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occasionally invaded; and generally fighting with beasts of one species or other, like a fierce and bold champion, resolutely bent on either death or victory: yet still he could find opportunities, by snatching hours of leisure, to write poetry for his amusement. He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets; relished and admired what was agreeable to his own taste; but never devoted either his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the muses. Throughout his whole works there is no such thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his lyre, to Bacchus, or to Pan; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then something very amazing, if we consider him in this fair and true light, that he should produce, by the mere force of taste and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, such wonders in the poetic strain, as to make any the most partial of his admirers, not only prefer him to all the poets of these later centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Augustan age, whose whole delight, speculation, and amusement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, polishing, or correcting his verses? *Swift.*

MIS-

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE*.

N. B. Whatever verſes are marked with an aſteriſk * prefixed, are not Dr Swift's.

CADENUS AND VANESSA†.

Written *anno* 1713.

THE *ſhepherds* and the *nymphs* were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;

That

* The following poems chiefly conſiſt either of humour or ſatire, and very often of both together. What merit they may have, we confeſs ourſelves to be no judges of in the leaſt, but, out of due regard to a writer, from whoſe works we hope to receive ſome benefit, we cannot conceal what we have heard from ſeveral perſons of great judgment, that the author never was known, either in verſe or proſe, to borrow any thought, ſimile, epithet, or particular manner of ſtyle; but whatever he writ, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is an original itſelf.—Altho' we are very ſenſible, that, in ſome of the following poems, the ladies may reſent certain ſatirical touches againſt the miſtaken conduct in ſome of the fair ſex; and that ſome warm perſons on the prevailing ſide may cenſure this author, for not thinking in public matters exactly like themſelves; yet we have been aſſured, by ſeveral judicious and learned gentlemen, that what the author hath here writ, on either of thoſe two ſubjects, hath no other aim than to reform the errors of both ſexes. If the public be right in its conjectures of the author, nothing is better known in London, than that while he had credit at the court of Q. Anne, he employed ſo much of it in favour of Whigs in both kingdoms, that the miniſtry uſed to rally him as the

That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;——
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:

This

the advocate of that party; for ſeveral of whom he got employments, and preſerved others from loſing what they had: of which ſome inſtances remain even in this kingdom. Beſides, he then writ and declared againſt the Pretender with equal zeal, tho' not with equal fury, as any of our modern Whigs; of which party he always profeſſed himſelf to be as to politics, as the reader will find in many parts of his works. *Dub. edit.* 1735.

† See an account of the occaſion of this poem in Swift's life, prefixed to vol. i.

This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage made by a young lady to her preceptor. Whether ſuch an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occaſion to ſuppoſe it, need not here be inquired. His principal deſign is to expoſe the faults and follies in both ſexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered ſubſervient to ſordid purpoſes. *Hawkeſ.*

This poem, one of the greateſt length, and, I believe, the longeſt ever compoſed by the Dean, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary ſubject. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted.

Vanity makes terrible devaſtation in a female breaſt. It batters down all reſtraints of modeſty, and carries away every ſeed of virtue. Vaneſſa was exceſſively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dreſs; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; ſuperior, in her own opinion, to all her ſex; full of pertneſs, gaiety, and pride; not without ſome agreeable accompliſhments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious, at any rate, to be eſteemed a wit; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine; but ſtill aiming and intending to be his wife: by nature haughty and diſdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the ſmiles of ſelf approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr Swift with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to uſe a more faſhionable phraſe, *in taſte*. His own lines are the beſt proof of my aſſertion. [Here the particular paſſage is inſerted, beginning thus,

Cadenus

This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.

Which

Cadenus many things had writ, l. 510.

and ending thus,

Nor farther looks, but thinks him young, l. 531.]

The poem itſelf is dated in the year 1713, when Swift was in his meridian altitude; favoured by the courtiers; flattered, feared, and admired by the greateſt men in the nation.

By the verſes which I have already recited, it may be preſumed, that the lady was firſt ſmitten with the fame and character of Cadenus, and afterwards with his perſon. Her firſt thoughts purſued a phantom; her later paſſion deſired a ſubſtance. The manner in which ſhe diſcovered her inclinations, is poetically deſcribed in theſe lines. [The paſſage here inſerted, begins thus,

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts, l. 602.

and ends thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.]

Suppoſing this account to be true, and I own I can ſcarce think it otherwiſe, it is evident, that the fair Vaneſſa had made a ſurpriſing progreſs in the philoſophic doctrines, which ſhe had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a moſt extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue; that vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice ſpirits*, to whom either the writings or the perſons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the leſſon with attention, and imbibed the philoſophy with eagerneſs. The maxims ſuited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, that if the theory appeared ſo charming, the practice muſt be much more delightful. The cloſe connection of ſoul and body ſeemed to require, in the eye of a female philoſopher, that each ſhould ſucceed the other in all pleaſurable enjoyments. The former had been ſufficiently regaled; why muſt the latter remain unſatisfied? "Nature," ſaid Vaneſſa, "abhors a *vacuum*, and Na"ture ought always to be obeyed." She communicated theſe ſentiments to her tutor; but he ſeemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *diſtinctio rationis* that had taken riſe in his own ſchool. He anſwered her in the *non-eſſential modes*.

He

Which crimes aforeſaid *(with her leave)* 15
Were *(as he humbly did conceive)*
Againſt our ſov'reign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,

He talked of friendſhip, of the delights of reaſon, of gratitude, reſpect, and eſteem. He almoſt preached upon virtue, and he muttered ſome indiſtinct phraſes concerning chaſtity.

So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the ſcrupulous difficulties of a tender conſcience. Such a ſuppoſition will ſtill appear more ſtrong, if we recollect the diſtant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella, colder, if poſſible, after, than before, ſhe was his wife: and I now recollect ſome of his own lines that ſeem to confirm the ſurmiſe, as they contain an inſinuation againſt Vaneſſa, not perhaps ſo much intended to wound her reputation, as to ſave his own. [The paſſage here inſerted, begins thus,

But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met, l. 818.

and ends thus,

Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold, l. 827.]

It is impoſſible to read this cruel hint without great indignation againſt the *conſcious muſe*, eſpecially as it is the finiſhing ſtroke of a picture which was already drawn in too looſe a garment, and too unguarded a poſture. In this inſtance, I am afraid, the Dean muſt remain inexcuſable.

Vaneſſa, in ſome time after the death of her ſiſter, retired to Selbridge. Spleen and diſappointment were the companions of her ſolitude. The narrowneſs of her income, the coldneſs of her lover, the loſs of her reputation, all contributed to make her miſerable, and to increaſe the frenzical diſpoſition of her mind. In this melancholy ſituation ſhe remained ſeveral years; during which time Cadenus viſited her frequently. Their particular converſation, as it paſſed without witneſſes, muſt for ever remain unknown: but, in general, it is certain, that ſhe often preſſed him to marry her. His anſwers were rather turns of wit than poſitive denials; till at laſt, being unable to ſuſtain her weight of miſery any longer, ſhe writ a very tender epiſtle to Cadenus, inſiſting peremptorily upon as ſerious an anſwer, and an immediate acceptance, or abſolute refuſal of her, as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final viſit at Selbridge; and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great paſſion, haſtened back to his horſe, carrying in his own countenance the frown of anger and indignation.

Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
THE *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant*'s counſel roſe,

Dr Swift had a natural ſeverity of face, which even his ſmiles could ſcarce ſoften, or his utmoſt gaiety render placid and ſerene: but when that ſternneſs of viſage was increaſed by rage, it is ſcarce poſſible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and auſterity. Vaneſſa had ſeen him in all tempers, and from his outward appearance ſhe gueſſed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much reſolution as the preſent cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart, would permit. She found herſelf entirely diſcarded from his friendſhip and converſation. Her offers were treated with inſolence and diſdain. She met with reproaches inſtead of love, and with tyranny inſtead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occaſion, might have proved healing ingredients to ſo deep and ſo dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, ſhe had utterly deſtroyed her character and her conſcience; and ſhe was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: tædet cœli convexa tueri.

She did not ſurvive many days the letter delivered to her by Cadenus ——— Thus periſhed at Selbridge, under all the agonies of deſpair, Mrs Eſther Vanhomrigh; a miſerable example of an ill ſpent life, fantaſtic wit, viſionary ſchemes, and female weakneſs. *Orrery.*

This poem is built on the fineſt model; ſupported with infinite humour, wit, and gaiety; imbelliſhed with ideas the moſt lovely and delicate; beautifully adorned with variety of the moſt attractive images; and conducted throughout the whole with ſuch perfect regularity, that, beyond all other pieces, whether of Dr Swift, or any poet that ever writ in Engliſh, it appears calculated to abide the ſevereſt examination of critics.

In the apparatus of this poem we find, that Venus the goddeſs of love and beauty, having cauſe to be afraid upon hearing the merits of a trial between the nymphs and the ſhepherds, that her ſovereignty might be called in queſtion on account of that wretched corrupted taſte which prevails among the youth of both ſexes, reſolves on a political expedient to maintain the dignity of her throne, and to reduce her rebellious ſubjects unto their loyalty, their chains, and their obedience.

Now,

And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.

B 2

Now, this debate, which was ſpun out for ſixteen years between the nymphs and ſhepherds, is ſuppoſed to have commenced only ſome few days before the birth of Vaneſſa. But the Cyprian Queen having, in order to try an experiment, ſelected Vaneſſa, upon the day of her birth, from all the reſt of the little female world, adorns her with every grace and beauty that is ſuppoſed to attract the admiration of the ſhepherds. And, to complete her deſign, ſhe prevails on the goddeſs of learning (altho' by a ſtratagem) to pour down all her gifts into the boſom of this delightful girl. [Here ſome verſes are inſerted, beginning thus,

Thus to the world's perpetual ſhame, l. 432.

and ending thus,

Give mortals neither heat nor light, l. 443.]

Here let us ſtop, and take an impartial view of this inchanting fair. With regard to the beauty, the elegance, the graces, and the ſweetneſs of her perſon, ſhe is, beyond all contradiction, to uſe an expreſſion of Parnel,

All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſkies.

And with regard to the accompliſhments of the mind, her ſoul is endued with knowledge, judgment, wit, decency, modeſty, truth, juſtice, fortitude, honour, politeneſs, generoſity, wiſdom, and every other virtue which can poſſibly enter into the compoſition of the moſt illuſtrious character. She had a ſoul worthy to be the inhabitant of ſo beautiful, ſo angelic a manſion. However, to ſpeak as a critic, it matters not whether Vaneſſa be a real or a fictitious character. If indeed the character be drawn from real life, we muſt inſiſt upon it, that Vaneſſa behaved herſelf, throughout all the habitudes and viciſſitudes of life, with unblemiſhed honour; as in truth her character would not otherwiſe have been even poetically juſt; and conſequently the poem, inſtead of being univerſally admired for its ſuperior excellencies, would (to ſpeak in the ſtyle of critics) have been damned, on its firſt appearance, for its inaccuracies and inconſiſtencies. On the other hand, if the character be fictitious, the whole is a fable; and conſequently there never exiſted any ſuch perſon as the charming Vaneſſa. It is certain however, that among the poets we frequently meet with characters,

eſpecially

That modern love is no such thing,
As what those antient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;

especially when compliments are addressed to some particular favourites in the *grand monde*, which are partly *real*, and partly *fictitious*. What I mean by *real* is, when some person really and truly existing, is generally understood to be the object of the poet's complaisance; and what I mean by *fictitious* is, when the poet, without any regard to truth, elegantly displays the fineness and delicacy of his own taste, in all the caresses of gallantry, politeness, courtship, and address, unto this *real*, not *imaginary* lady. For example, were a poet to insert the name of some little, nut-brown, trifling girl, under the portrait of all that is beautiful, accomplished, and adorable in the fairest of the creation; his compliment would nevertheless be extremely polite; no matter for the resemblance. Pictures, we all know, are designed for posterity; and posterity cares not, whether in fact the picture was drawn from the life, or was only imaginary. They see; they are pleased; they inquire no further. The most remarkable instance of this kind that we know of among all the poets, whether antient or modern, is that of Prior's Chloe, who was a cheartul, gay, facetious old woman, that used to laugh with a profusion of good humour, until she was almost ready to die, at the conceit of her being a poet's flame. And Prior, we may be sure, was equally delighted with the excellence of her understanding. Vanessa was perhaps another remarkable instance of this kind: for, as the poet has expressly declared, that "her name on earth shall not be told," we are by no means at liberty to form any conjectures about her. It is affirmed, however, that Vanessa was in love with Cadenus, and declared her passion to him after a strange manner. That Vanessa might have liked Cadenus, at least the poetical Vanessa, we cannot make any sort of doubt, because we are expressly told so. The manner in which she declared her passion to him, is only to be collected from the poem itself; wherein we find, that, after an apology founded on maxims truly philosophical, she reveals her sentiments in the following terms. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

I knew by what you said and writ, l. 618.

and ending thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.]

The

Which having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In diff'rent breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.

B 3

The remainder of the conversation between Cadenus and Vanessa, for half a dozen pages together, is evidently nothing more than a flight of imagination, wholly designed for the entertainment of those who have a relish for composition, and a taste for poetry. But supposing it was some real Vanessa that liked Cadenus; or, in plain terms, supposing that Miss Vanhomrigh had a passion for Dr Swift; is there any crime in love? Far from it: the voice of God, and the voice of nature, speak the direct contrary. The worst that can be said of it, is, that Vanessa, who had really and truly been educated under the inspection of Cadenus (a man beyond all others upon earth, whose delight was to give instruction to young people, and especially to young women), had not sufficiently considered, that in love we are all sportsmen, careless of joys that are within our reach, and perpetually driving after the flying game. Nevertheless, to maintain the dignity of her sex, and to apologize for this little failure in point of discretion (that cool sober quality, not virtue of the mind; which frequently, or rather notoriously presides in that breast where every humane, generous, and spirited affection of the soul is wanting), she availeth herself of the Doctor's own maxims, before she adventures to impart the most tender of her sentiments to an old experienced man, whose heart, like a rock of adamant, was incapable of impressions. [Here some verses are inserted, beginning thus,

She well remember'd, to her cost, l. 604.

and ending thus,

Now, said the nymph, &c. l. 614.]

However, in justice to the honour and reputation of Vanessa, we are obliged to remark, that Cadenus, from his earliest youth, had been always a courtier of the women, as far as words, and terms, and politeness, and gallantry, without professing any degree of sincerity, constancy, and love, can recommend a cavalier to their service. And this we are told in the following lines:

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to shew his wit, l. 540—543.

But

But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Wherever caprice or folly ſteers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,
From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politics, and play;

But ſure it is, that courtſhip and addreſs, without any proteſtations of fidelity and love, may be carried ſomewhat too far; as the deportment of Cadenus to the beautiful and accompliſhed Vaneſſa, in this poetical repreſentation of gallantry, ſufficiently demonſtrates. Is it therefore any matter of aſtoniſhment, that Vaneſſa, (before whom Cadenus might have ſighed and languiſhed, and to whom at particular times he might have both vowed and written) ſhould have been encouraged to hope, as ſhe liked his perſon, and was enamoured of his writings, that ſhe might have carried off ſo glorious a prize from all the reſt of her cotemporaries? Allowing this to have been the caſe, which is perhaps agreeable to truth, as well as to common report, Vaneſſa's declaration to her admired Cadenus, may without violence be interpreted into a gentle demand of thoſe tender affections, which, from the current of his behaviour towards her, ſhe had a right to expect.

I have been aſſured, that Miſs Vanhomrigh was, in her general converſe with the world, as far from encouraging any ſtyle of addreſs, inconſiſtent with the rules of honour and good-breeding, as any woman alive. Neither can it be ſaid, if any concluſions may be drawn from her appearance and behaviour in Ireland, that ſhe was either a vain woman, or fond of dreſs; altho' ſhe was extremely nice and delicate, as well in the cleanlineſs of her perſon, as in every thing ſhe wore. Her only misfortune was, that ſhe had a paſſion for Dr Swift, which was not to be conquered; altho' it is a point inconteſtable, that Dr Swift had never once made her the moſt diſtant overtures of marriage. And this paſſion was in all probability the remote cauſe of her death. She languiſhed for ſome years, and fell into a conſumption; neither was ſhe convinced that Dr Swift was married to Mrs Johnſon, until about two months before her deceaſe. She was at laſt carried off by a fever, in the year 1723, and in the 37th year of her age.

Thus died at Selbridge, worthy of an happier fate, the celebrated Mrs Eſther Vanhomrigh, a martyr to love and conſtancy.

Herſel

From fanes, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thouſand female toys,
From ev'ry trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;
If a ſmall breeze obſtructs the courſe,
It whirls about for want of force;
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers;
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame:
The fault muſt on the *nymphs* be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.

Nerſed in death's cold, frozen arms;
Lie deep intomb'd VANESSA's *charms;*
Tranſfix'd by Love's unerring dart,
The gentle fair indulg'd the ſmart;
For twice ſix long revolving years
Her days were ſpent in ſighs and tears;
Her tender frame at laſt decay'd,
She quits the world a lifeleſs ſhade;
Nor can, alas! the grave ſecure
Her virtues uncorrupt and pure!
**VANESSA's *fate in mournful ſtrains*
Bewail, ye nymphs and ſhepherd ſwains;
Ye tuneful choirs, to whom belong
The pow'rs of verſe, in plaintive ſong
Bewail the nymph, who dy'd to prove,
That reaſon was her guide in love.

Swift.

THE pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further thoſe deponents knew:———
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſs'd.
THE cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For if the heav'nly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt earth and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual *lent*.
BUT, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The *muſes*, by their king's permiſſion,
Tho' foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the *graces*:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The *muſes* oft were ſeen to frown;
The *graces* half-aſham'd look down;

And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And ſaid, ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the ſecond;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil *(vide* Dido's caſe):
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller.

THERE was on both ſides much to ſay;
She'd hear the cauſe another day;
And ſo ſhe did, and then a third;
She heard it——there ſhe kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.

Now, gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or sages write:
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
A sprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the *graces* to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush, because they understand.

THE *graces* next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "*Vanessa* be the name
"By which thou shalt be known to fame;
"*Vanessa*, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth——shall not be told."
BUT still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit,
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies:
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.
WISDOM's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endu'd
With justice, truth, and fortitude;

With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;——
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtaid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.

The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Thro' ev'ry breaſt would dart a flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That ſcholars would forſake their books
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,

Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vaneſſa never did."
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My pow'r ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign——
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the *martial maid*
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And fir'd with indignation vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo that ſhe had done.

But in the poets we may find,
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have giv'n,
Or any brother-god in heav'n;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And tho' ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;
Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,

From premiſſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treach'rous foe expects.
In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The queen of love, whom thus ſhe greets;
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold).
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heav'nly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread:
Would ſeldom at the park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.

First issu'd from perfumers shops
A croud of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady——you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.
Then in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense ev'ry second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce list'ning to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said, she valu'd nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the antient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;

Then ſpoke with cenſure or applauſe,
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Thro' nature and thro' art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd:
In vain: her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgment was upon the whole,
——That lady is the dulleſt ſoul——
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay——She wants it here;
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.
A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purlieus of St James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To ſee the girl in deſhabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up ſtairs;
At entrance loudeſt; where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilſt Mrs Suſan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their uſual chat,
Diſcourſing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves and lace;
Shew'd patterns juſt from India brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought;
Whether the red or green were beſt,
And what they coſt? Vaneſſa gueſs'd
As came into her fancy firſt;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To ſcandal next——What awkward thing
Was that laſt Sunday in the ring?
I'm ſorry Mopſa breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid her face would never laſt.

Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to ſpare:
Her fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began, when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.
They rally'd next Vaneſſa's dreſs:
That gown was made for old Queen Beſs.
Dear Madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop;
With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the moſt:
But why proclaim her for a toaſt?
A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not aſk
Her judgment how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;

Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as ſoon as ſhe is told.
I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays).
THUS, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The *queen of beauty* loſt her aim.
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's pow'r unite:
To copy her few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd.
So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
YET ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the croud,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcended to admit.
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Mens talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus making others wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Altho' they came not in a coach:

Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow.
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a diff'rent make;
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's morals struck, were spoil'd.

The *queen of wisdom* could foresee,
But not prevent, the fates decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, tho' by Pallas taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, tho' all his darts were loss,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The *triumphs of* that stubborn dame,

A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I'll give her what ſhe moſt admires
Among thoſe venerable ſires.
Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
CADENUS many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume thro',
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
* VANESSA, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:

* The poet having before ſhewed the cauſe of Vaneſſa's diſappointment, here repreſents Vaneſſa, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation, and inſpire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one, who had ſcarce ſenſibility enough to underſtand them. *Hawkeſ.*

Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies muſic in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines:
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But time, and books, and ſtate-affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new:
Ideas came into her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;
She reaſon'd, without ploding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:

For, tho' she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;
Said, she should be no longer teas'd;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grand monde*,
And ev'ry shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

VANESSA, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed, from her early years,
To scorn the art of female tears.

HAD he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,

Yet could ſuch notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind *.

* Vaneſſa, conſcious that her paſſion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it: for "virtue knows nothing that it dare not "own." She therefore confeſſed it to Cadenus, contrary to the *common forms*, which require that the firſt addreſs ſhould be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds; they only veil defects, and are not neceſſary where defects are not found. *Hawkeſ.*

Lord Orrery has been ſo far from acting upon the principle on which Mr Pope framed this petition in his univerſal prayer,

Teach me———
To hide *the fault I ſee,*

that where he has not *found* the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to make one. An inſtance of which will be found in his remark upon a maxim of Cadenus to Vaneſſa:

That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own.

"He taught her," ſays his Lordſhip, "that vice, as ſoon as it "defied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue." But the moſt obvious and natural meaning is juſt contrary: That we deſire to conceal no act which upon reflection we do not diſcover to be vitious, becauſe virtue is pleaſed in proportion as it is diſplayed. And indeed theſe verſes could not be ſuppoſed an apology for lewdneſs, if his Lordſhip believed his own aſſertion, that the Dean was "not to be ſwayed by deliberate evil." *Hawkeſ.*

Lord

Now, ſaid the nymph, I'll let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;

Lord Orrery ſays *above*, *p.* 11. That Dr Swift taught Vaneſſa, "that vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately changed "into virtue." If Cadenus ever inſtilled that maxim into the ſoul of Vaneſſa, we muſt, I am afraid, give him entirely up to cenſure, as an agent for the prince of darkneſs. But, without any racking, or tranſmutation of words, Swift's maxim was,

That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes.

A maxim which every man of honour would inſtil into the hearts of his children; and which Dr Swift himſelf hath occaſionally expreſſed in other terms highly advantageous, *on ſeeing verſes written upon windows.*

The ſage, who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confeſs'd;
His window ſcrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breaſt again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The di'mond and the lover.

And ſuch were the noble ſentiments of that old Roman, I forget his name, whoſe reply to an architect could have proceeded only from the mouth of an hero. The architect made him an offer, upon his giving him ſo much money, to contrive a houſe for him in ſuch a manner, as that none from abroad ſhould poſſibly look into it. I will give you double the ſum, replied the hero, if you will contrive a houſe for me in ſuch a manner, as that every one that pleaſes may look into every corner of it.

This maxim of the Doctor's,

That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind,

is ſo clear and plain, that it can no more be tortured into an encouragement to vice, as Lord Orrery alledges, *above*, *p.* 11. than the ſecond commandment into an encouragement to idolatry. Where do we find in the lines one ſyllable relating either to vice or virtue? Are common forms either *vices* or *virtues?* Whoever can imagine them to be either the one or the other, muſt have a certain vacuity in his brain for the reception of the moſt groſs and palpable abſurdities. *Swift.*

That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe.
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms:
Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
CADENUS felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurpriſe.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs could his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage;
And if her youth indiff'rence met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget:
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong;
Would ſay, he made a treach'rous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce:
The town would ſwear he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
That, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.

So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care——
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The Doctor might have fancy'd worſe.——
HARDLY at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry word he ſpoke;
Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence*,
She rally'd well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragic player.
But thoſe who aim at ridicule,
Should fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſe he muſt enter his proteſt:
For let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lies;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call a *bite*.
BUT, not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.
She thought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own;
As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that's the matter.

How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The geniuſes of antient days!
(Thoſe authors he ſo oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom fam'd);
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe Cadenus flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch god-like men.
If one ſhort volume could compriſe
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe,
How would it be eſteem'd and read,
Altho' the writer long were dead!
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all would for his friendſhip ſtrive,
And come in crowds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While ev'ry paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught Vaneſſa to diſpute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd:
Thro' this ſhe made all objects paſs,
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers, tho' they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some fav'rite ſyſtem to their mind,

In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
CADENUS, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excells in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
The nymph in sober words intreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates his throne;
The government is now her own:
But tho' her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a croud of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail;
He never knew her judgment fail.
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools;

Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify, his pride;
When Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding ſchools can have his choice:
And oft the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a miſtreſs by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant, rational delight,
On virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love's allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
Confiſ'ing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In *her a moſt judicious* taſte.

Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion in his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.
Love why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Tho' ſhe already can diſcern,
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of ev'ry common beau:
Who, tho' he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met,
Is to the world a ſecret yet *.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or, to compound the buſ'neſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold †.

* The event of Vaneſſa's ſuit is judiciouſly omitted, as foreign to the plan and deſign of the poem. *Hawkeſ.*

† Lord Orrery ſays, *above, p.* 13. "It is impoſſible to read this "*cruel hint*, without great indignation againſt the conſcious muſe." —But

MEAN time the mournful *queen of love*
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:
For tho' by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent,
Tho' her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cauſe* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading;
She'd have a ſummary proceeding.

—— But is there no allowance to be made for the rants and vagaries of an heteroclite genius? Or would any poet, who had the leaſt ſpark of honour, ſuppoſing he had been ſo unfortunate as to have had amours with a lady, have told the ſtory, or given the leaſt intimation of it? Is one part of a poem "to be thought fine "painting, but, in general, fictitious," and another part of the ſame to be interpreted, by the racking and torturing of a conjecture, into the moſt ſolid, proſaic, and impure of all imaginable ideas? However, do not, in fact, all profeſſed admirers of particular women temper love and other amuſements together in the days of courtſhip? If then Cadenus and Vaneſſa be conjectured to have tempered love and books together; why ſhould they be ſuppoſed to have tranſgreſſed the rules of honour beyond the reſt of the world? But allowing it were juſt that our indignation ſhould riſe againſt the *confcious muſe* (as indeed I am told Miſs Vanhomrigh herſelf was extremely angry with the Doctor on account of theſe lines), the higher ſurely that our indignation ſhould be inflamed againſt her, the more ought Vaneſſa to be cleared and juſtified. *Swift.*

She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the *men*.
But, in a weighty case like this,
To shew she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she gravely complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;"
On whose petition thumbly shewing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end,
"She was at Lord knows what expence
"To form a nymph of wit and sense,
"A model for her sex design'd,
"Who never could one lover find
"She saw, her favour was misplac'd;
"The fellows had a wretched taste;
"She needs must tell them to their face,
"They were a senseless, stupid race;
"And, were she to begin again,
"She'd study to reform the *men* *;
"Or add some grains of folly more
"To *women*, than they had before,
"To put them on an equal foot;
"And this, or nothing else, would do't.
"This might their mutual fancy strike;
"Since ev'ry being loves its *like*.
"But now, repenting what was done,
"She left all his ness to her son;

* As the women in their manners and dress imitate what the men approve, their faults and follies are little more than the consequences of the false taste of their admirers; who cannot surely be urged by a stronger motive to correct it. Hawkes.

" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
THE cry'r was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The goddeſs would no longer wait;
But, riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſev'n,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON*.

Imitated from the eight book of Ovid.

Written about the year 1708.

IN antient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.

* In this tale there is not only abundance of wit and pleaſantry, but ſome peculiar happy ſtrokes. The reader of taſte and learning cannot but obſerve how exactly the ſound doth echo to the ſenſe in the following lines.

They fierce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft reſt ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after. l. 51.—54.

And yet, if poſſible, even theſe lines are excelled by the following diſtich:

The groaning chair began to travel,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall. l. 85, 86.

There are many examples in Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Horace, Shakeſpear, and Milton, which for the ſame reaſon, are univerſally admired above all other paſſages in thoſe ſublime poets.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtrollers canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.

Our wand'ring ſaints in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry,——What ar't!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.

The gentle *pilgrims*, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errant:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.

The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlow'r.
The flier, tho't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:

The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſhold-cares,
By a ſhrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meet which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robin Hood,
The little children in the wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe *.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their antient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage by ſuch feats as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,

* Of the twelve tribes of Iſrael, which in country-churches are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the enſigns appropriated to them by *Jacob on his deathbed*. *Hawkeſ.*

The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks, I ſtill would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the *parſon*, if you pleaſe.

He ſpoke; and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continu'd juſt
As threed-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues*:
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt *diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors,——he ne'er miſs'd 'em.

Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black ſattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.

Philemon was in great ſurpriſe,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſev'ral years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too ——
Nay,——now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Deſcription would but tire my muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers, he the trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight;
On Sundays, after ev'ning-pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

A Deſcription of a CITY-SHOWER.

In imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

CAREFUL obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhow'r.
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhow'r your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Saunt'ring in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *ſpleen*.

MEAN while the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Suſan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhow'r is born aſlope:
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th'unequal ſtriſe,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,
And wafted with its foe by vi'lent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.*

* 'Twas doubtful which was ſea, and which was ſky.
Garth's diſp.

Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain.
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crouds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while ev'ry ſpout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſemſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhade.
* Triumphant *Tories*, and deſponding *Whigs* †,
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Thoſe bully Greeks, who as the moderns do,
Inſtead of paying chairmen, run them thro').
Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.

* This was written in the firſt year of the Earl of Oxford's miniſtry.

† As *Whig* and *Wig* only differ by an aſpiration, which is ſcarce to be diſtinguiſhed, it may be thought an exception to the Dean's remarkable exactneſs, that he has made them rhyme: but the ſame thing was afterwards done by Mr Pope, either upon the Dean's authority, or becauſe he did not think it liable to objection;

A joke on Jekyll or ſome odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principles or Wig.

Hawkeſ.

Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from by their ſight and ſmell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's ſhape their courſe,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holburn bridge.
* Sweepings from butchers ſtalls, dung, guts and blood,
Drown'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

A Deſcription of the MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own:
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.

* Theſe three laſt lines were intended to ridicule the practice of modern poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which they call *triplets*; and the laſt line two or more ſyllables longer than the reſt, which they call an *alexandrine*. Theſe triplets and alexandrines were brought in by Dryden and other poets in the reign of Charles II. They were merely the effects of haſte, idleneſs, and want of money, and have been wholly avoided by the beſt poets ſince theſe verſes were written.

The youth * with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal man was heard with cadence deep
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gates began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd thro' half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

HORACE, epiſt. 7. book 1. imitated, and addreſſed to the Earl of OXFORD †, in the year 1713 ‡.

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſt,
All Europe's buſ'neſs in his breaſt),
Obſerv'd a *parſon* near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;

1. *Strenuus et fortis, cauſſiſque Philippus agendis*
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit ————
5. ——*Conſpexit, ut aiunt,*
Adrafum quendam vacua tonſoris in umbra
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.

* To find old nails.

† Robert Harley Eſq; three times Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, once in King William's reign, and twice in Queen Anne's; created Baron Harley of Wigmore, Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer, the 24th of April 1711, and Lord High Treaſurer of England, on the 29th of the ſaid month.

‡ In this year the author was made Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin. See an account of his firſt interview with Mr Harley, in his letter to Dr King, Oct. 10. 1710, vol. iv.

Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)
Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis * go in queſt,
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour),
In queſt, who might this *parſon* be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*.
LEWIS his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errant goes,
And quickly did the matter fiſt;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate-opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton † like a toad,

15. *Demetri, (puer hic non læve juſſa Philippi*
Accipiebat), abi, quære, et refer: unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo ſit patre, quove patrono!
21. 23. *It, redit, et narrat, Voltaium nomine Manam.*
31——*Tenui tenſu, ſine crimine notum,*
Et properare loco, et ceſſare, et quærere, et uti,
Gaudentem——

* Eraſmus Lewis Eſq; private ſecretary to the Earl of Oxford.
† Earl of Wharton, father to the Duke of Wharton who died in France.

Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in ev'ry ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper *ſtamp*
Did very much his genius cramp:
And, ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, I deſire to know
From his own mouth if this be ſo;
Step to the Doctor ſtrait, and ſay,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, *Your ſervant, Sir.*
Does he refuſe me? Harley cry'd:
He does, with inſolence and pride.
Some few days after Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

47. *Scitari libet ex ipſo quodcunque refert. Die*
Ad cœnam veniat. Non ſane credere Mæna;
Mirari ſecum tacitus.
54. *Benigne, reſpondet.*
55. *Negat ille mihi?*
56. —— *Negat improbus, et te*
Negligit, aut horret.
57. —— *Volteium nunc Philippus*
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello
Occupat, et ſalvere ſubet prior.

SWIFT, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe——
My Lord——the honour you deſign'd——
Extremely proud——but I had din'd——
I'm ſure I never ſhould neglect——
No man alive has more reſpect——
" Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
" If you'll be ſure to come at *four*.
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic; ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late:
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that's a place too mean;

65. ——*Ille Philippo*
Excuſare laborem.——
71. ——*Sic ignoviſſe putato*
Me tibi, ſi cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Poſt nonam venies——
74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam eſt, dicenda, tacenda locutus,*
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi ſæpe
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Mone cliens, et jam certus conviva:——
81. ——*Jubetur*
Rura ſuburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare.
87. ——*Videt, ridetque Philippus.*

No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean*;
Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse;
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.
SUPPOSE him now a *Dean* complete,
Devoutly lolling in his seat;
The silver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side;
Suppose him gone thro' all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and——cheats,
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers spitefully combin'd
Force him to take his tythes in kind:
And Parvisol * discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs †.

107. ——*Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;*
Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† Upon Dr Swift's arrival in Ireland to take possession of his deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the highest degree. The common people were taught to look upon him as a Jacobite; and they proceeded so far in their detestation, as to throw stones and dirt at him as he passed thro' the streets. The chapter of St Patrick's, like the rest of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance; they thwarted him in every point that he proposed. He was avoided as a pestilence; he was opposed as an invader; he was marked out as an enemy to his country. Such was his first reception as Dean of St Patrick's.

Fewer

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read * would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, Welcome Rev'rend Dean;
What makes your worship look so lean?
Why, sure you wont appear in town
In that old wig and rusty gown?

113. *Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum*
Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.
121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus,*
Durat, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris
Esse mihi.

Fewer talents, and less firmness, must have yielded to so outrageous an opposition; *sed contra audentior ibat*. He had seen enough of human nature, to be convinced, that the passions of low, self-interested minds ebb and flow continually. They love they know not whom, they hate they know not why: they are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. *Sacheverel and the church* had been of as great service to one party in the year 1710, as *Popery and slavery* were to the other in the year 1713. But, to shew the strange revolutions in this world, Dr Swift, who was now the detestation of the Irish rabble, lived to be afterwards the most absolute monarch over them that ever governed men.

His first step was, to reduce to reason and obedience his Rev. brethren the chapter of St Patrick's: in which he succeeded so perfectly and so speedily, that, in a short time after his arrival, not one member of that body offered to contradict him, even in trifles. On the contrary, they held him in the highest respect and veneration; so that he sat in the chapter-house, like Jupiter in the synod of the gods. Whether fear or conviction were the motives of so immediate a change, I leave you to consider; but certain it is

Viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis.

However, Swift made no longer a stay in Ireland, in the year 1713, than was requisite to establish himself as Dean, and to pass thro' certain customs and formalities, or, to use his own words,

——*Thro' all vexations*, &c. l. 101.—104. Orrery.

* The Lord Treasurer's porter.

I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
So much that you neglect yourſelf.
What! I ſuppoſe now ſtocks are high,
You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye;
Or is your money out at uſe? ——
Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
(The Doctor in a paſſion cry'd),
Your raillery is miſapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But 'tis a folly to conteſt
When you reſolve to have your jeſt;
Then, ſince you now have done your worſt,
Pray leave me where you found me firſt *.

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deoſque penates*
Obſecro, et obteſtor, vitæ me redde priori.

HORACE, lib. 2. ſat. 6. part of it imitated †.

Written about the year 1713.

I'VE often wiſh'd, that I had clear
For life ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,*
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſilvæ ſuper his foret.

* In England, where he ſeems by this poem to ſolicit a ſettlement in the manner peculiar to himſelf. *Hawkeſ.*

† This poem was written about the ſame time with the preceding, and apparently with the ſame view. *Hawkeſ.* —— It was afterwards enlarged by Mr Pope. *See* Warburton's edition of Pope's works, vol. iv.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
But ſhould be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this ſide Trent,
Nor croſs the *channel* twice a year,
To ſpend ſix months with *ſtateſmen* here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the Crown.
"Lewis, the *Dean* will be of uſe;
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or, let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr *Dean*, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee day;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
"To juſtle here among a croud."

7. ——*Auctius atque*
Dii melius fecere.——

17. *Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem*
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
35. *Quid vis, inſane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,*
Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Ad Mecænatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt, non mentiar.——

Another in a ſurly fit
Tells me, I have more zeal than wit;
"So eager to expreſs your love,
"You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
"But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
THIS humbly offers me his caſe——
That begs my int'reſt for a place——
An hundred other mens affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help the cauſe is gone."——
The Duke expects my Lord and you
About ſome great affair at two——
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
"To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
"Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt."——
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:
Then preſently he falls to teaſe,
"You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
"I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew——
"And, Mr *Dean*, one word from you;"——
'TIS (let me ſee) three years and more
(October next it will be four)

44. ——*Aliena negotia centum*
Per caput et circa ſaliunt latus.
60. ——*Si vis, potes, addit et inſtat.*
63. *Septimus octavo propior jam ſugerit annus,*

Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?
"Who's chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country-*ſigns*;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.

YET ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
"How think you of our friend the *Dean*?
"I wonder what ſome people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
"Always together *tête à tête*——
"What, they admire him for his jokes——
"See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court.
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
"You, Mr *Dean*, frequent the great;
"Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?

Ex quo Mecenas me cœpit habere ſuorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.
91. ——*Subjectior in diem et horam*
Invidia.
89. *Frigidus a noſtris manat per compita rumor;*
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit.

" Or, do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah! Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret."——I proteſt
'Tis one to me——" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"
And tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome antient book!
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town!

101. *Jurantem me ſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum*
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilentî.
108. *O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, et inertibus horis
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

* The HAPPY LIFE of a COUNTRY-PARSON.

In Imitation of MARTIAL †.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A wife that makes conſerves; a ſteed
That carries double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea;

† *This and* the two following poems were wrote by Mr Pope.

Gazettes ſent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the firſt, when Prince;
A chronicle of antient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy hand in;
The polyglott,—— three parts—— my text——
Howbeit,——likewiſe——now to my next,——
Lo here the Septuagint,——and Paul,——
To ſum the whole,——the cloſe of all.

He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays—if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor Swift.

*A TALE of CHAUCER.

Lately found in an old manuſcript.

WOMEN, tho' not ſans leacherie,
Ne ſwinken but with ſecrecie:
This in our tale is plain y-ſond,
Of Clerk that wonneth in Irelond;
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then there paſſen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway:
Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of ladies gent.
"But ho! our nephew (crieth one)
"Ho! quoth another, couzen John;"

And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out———
This ſely clerk full low doth lout.
They aſken that, and talken this,
"Lo here is *cox*, and here is *Miſs*."
But as he gloz'd with ſpeeches ſoote,
The ducke ſore tickleth his erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd ladies; clerke nought ſpake;
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray ducke crieth *quaake*.
"O moder, moder," (quoth the daughter)
"Be thilke ſame thing maids longen a'ter?
"Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
"Then truſt on mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

* The ALLEY.

An Imitation of SPENCER.

IN ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
A narrow paſs there is, with houſes low;
Where ever and anon the ſtream is ey'd,
And many a boat ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft' are heard the notes of infant-woe,
The ſhort thick ſob, loud ſcream, and ſhriller ſquall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;

And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding oft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a ſty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a magpie chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band;
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call.
When'er ſhe paſſed by a lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, Navy-building town;
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's *dog* and *bitch*:
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Tames, or all a-down;
Ne Richmon's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

* The CAPON'S TALE.

To a Lady who fathered her lampoons upon her acquaintance.

IN Yorkshire dwelt a sober yeoman,
Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,
Fed num'rous poultry in her pens,
And saw her cocks well serve her hens.
A hen she had, whose tuneful clocks
Drew after her a train of cocks;
With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this hen a pheasant.
All the plum'd *beau-monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a bustling up of feathers!
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing:
Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
And not a cock but would be treading.
YET tender was this hen so fair,
And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear.

Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of ſome dry-nurſe to ſave her hen:
She made a capon drunk; in fine
He eat the ſops, ſhe ſipp'd the wine;
His rump well pluck'd with nettles ſtings,
And claps the brood beneath his wings.
The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to ſee what God had ſent;
Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother,
A fooliſh foſter-father-mother.
Such, Lady Mary, are your tricks;
But ſince you hatch, pray own your chicks;
You ſhould be better ſkill'd in nocks,
Nor, like your capons, ſerve your cocks.

VERSES written in a Lady's ivory table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

PERUSE my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wiſe.
Here you may read, *Dear charming ſaint*;
Beneath, *A new receipt for paint*:
Here in beau-ſpelling, *Tru tel deth*;
There in her own, *Far an el breth*:
Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom*:
There, *A ſoſe way to uſe perfume*:
Here a page fill'd with billetdoux:
On t'other ſide, *Laid out for ſhoes*;
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item, *for half a yard of lace.*

Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of ſpittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

Mrs HARRIS'S PETITION*.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies,

The Lords Juſtices of Ireland †,

The humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries,

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myſelf in Lady Betty's ‡ chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſixpence, beſides farthings, in money and gold;

* When the Earl of Berkely was one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, Swift's true poetical vein (Pindaric flights being entirely out of the road of his talents) began to diſcover itſelf in ſome occaſional

† Earl of Berkely, and Earl of Galway.
‡ Lady Betty Berkely.

So, because I had been buying things for my *Lady* last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my smock.
So, when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unript,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipt:
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lady* to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, *Lord!* I thought I should have sunk outright.
Lord! Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, says I, never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?

occasional pieces which he writ in those times, particularly in the *Ballad on the game of traffic* [vol. viii. p. 120.], in the *Ballad to the tune of the eatpurse* [vol. vi. p. 71.], and in *Mrs Harris's Petition*. These poems are all wrong dated in the several editions of his works. It appears to a demonstration they were all written in the year 1699.—The petition of Mrs Harris, altho' it may be ranked in that class of poetry which is called *low humour*, is full of mirth and raillery. The Doctor himself and Mrs Harris are the two principal characters, against whom the ridicule is immediately pointed. However, there is one beautiful stroke of nature in this poem worthy to be remarked, which in the way of characterising can never be excelled by any efforts of genius. Do but observe the answer of the old deaf housekeeper in the following lines:

Then my dame Wadgar came, &c. l. 25. to l. 29.

In one word, whoever can read this petition of Mrs Harris without feeling some extraordinary pleasure, hath, in my opinion, neither wit, humour, judgment, nor any taste for poetry in his whole composition. *Swift.*

Lord help me! said Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think.
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.
So I was a-dreamed, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs Dukes's box ty'd in a rag the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell a ſwearing:
Then my dame Wadgar ‡ came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing:
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord Colway's || folks are all very ſad;
For my Lord Dromedary †† comes a Tueſday without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the bus'neſs that I ail.
Says Cary ‡‡, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the *ſteward*, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of *gooſeberries*.
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her full of grief,
(Now you muſt know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief).

† Earl of Berkeley's valet.
‡ The old deaf houſekeeper.
|| Galway.
†† Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to ſucceed the two Earls.
‡‡ Clerk of the kitchen.

However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slily about:
Mrs Dukes *, said I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse †;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and six pence makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now, Mrs Dukes, you know, and every body understands,
That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.
The *devil* take me, said she (blessing herself), if ever I saw't!
So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *chaplain* ‡ came in. Now the servants say he is my sweet-heart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?
(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like the *devil*).
Truly, says he, Mrs Nab, it might become you to be more civil:

* A servant, wife to one of the footmen.
† An usual saying of hers.
‡ The author.

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'yt ſee,
You are no *text* for my handling; ſo take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a *parſon*'s wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me, and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. *Lord!* ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt my *money*, and ſhall loſe my *true love* too.
Then my *Lord* call'd me: Harry *, ſaid my *Lord*, don't cry,
I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs: and ſays my *Lady*, ſo will I.
Oh! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, my chaplain won't *come to?*
For that, he ſaid (an't pleaſe your *Excellencies*), I muſt petition you.
The premiſſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your *Excellencies* protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforeſaid, or, inſtead of him, a better:
And then your poor *petitioner* both night and day,
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, ſhall ever *pray*.

A cant word of my Lord and Lady to Mrs Harris.

*Lady Betty Berkely, finding in the author's room some verses * unfiniſh'd, underwrit a ſtanza of her own, with raillery upon him; which gave occaſion to this* ballad, *written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.*

Written in the year 1703.

To the tune of *The cutpurſe.*

I.

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in Latin;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Chorus. *Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;*
Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite,
That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the caſement;
And it needs muſt be one that could both read and write:

* Theſe verſes are called, *A ballad on the game of traffic*, and may be found among the poſthumous poetry, vol. viii.

Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
However, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.
Cho. *Let censuring*, &c.

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
When he found a new help from invisible hand.
Then, good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
And, tho' some malicious young spirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. *Let censuring*, &c.

VANBRUGH's HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse could draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r:
Heroic strains could build a tow'r;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;

A lyric ode would ſlate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own, or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong*:
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a num'rous race;
And ſhould they *build* as faſt as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to *build caſtles* there:
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, muſe, the houſe of poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *houſe* * gone to decay;
Or by *atchievement*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,

* *Houſe*, *family*.

And make my muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies,
  Jove ſmil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would *ſmoke*;
And (like a wag) ſat down to write,
Would whiſper to himſelf, a *bite*.
Then from the motley, mingled ſtyle
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides:
Ay, thought the god, are theſe your tricks?
Why then *old plays* deſerve *old bricks*:
And, ſince you're ſparing of your fluff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and, grudging, lent his aid:
Th'experienc'd bricks that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at ſecond hand),
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
  The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:

And firſt the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The ſcene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground.
Two other acts we may preſume
Were ſpent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the houſe of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found.
One aſks the watermen hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie?
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires!
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.
Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail:
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journeys in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt.
Capacious houſe, 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art ſmall:

For ev'ry wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same:
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of *modern* wit and style,
The rubbish of an antient pile.
So *chymists* boast they have a pow'r
From the dead ashes of a flow'r
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

The HISTORY of VANBRUGH's HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Misi* pick'd ev'ry painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*:
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.

But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *house* to build;
A *real house*, with *rooms*, and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than *Miss*'s by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards.
And so he did; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew:
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdone.
From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
At court Vitruvius the *second*:
No wonder, since wise *authors* show,
That *best foundations* must be *low*:
And now the *Duke* * has wisely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at Blenheim.
But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art;

* The Duke of Marlborough, to whom Q. Anne gave the palace of Woodstock, for his Grace's victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, Aug. 2. 1704.

Or if his *Grace* were no more ſkill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A *mouſe-trap* man chief engineer.

The virtues of SID HAM Magician's rod *.

Written in the year 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand;
But, ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
OUR great magician Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
Till metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs and ſting, and roll and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But when he *laid it down*, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So to her midnight-feaſt the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
THEY tell us ſomething ſtrange and od
About a certain *magic rod*,

* The ſtaff of Lord Treaſurer Godolphin, wh
of May 1711, was given to Robert Harley, Earl

That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines * ;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect ;
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid ;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore †,
Where none e'er look'd for it before ;
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
How well a *cully*'s purſe was lin'd ;
To a forlorn and broken *rake*,
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground ;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That *rod* was juſt a type of Sid's
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell*.
Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fiſh* withal ;
A *plaice* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took :
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.
Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,

* The *virgula divina*, or *divining rod*, is deſcribed to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long. It is to be held in the palms of the hands, with the ſingle end elevated about eighty degrees; and in this poſition is ſaid to be attracted by minerals and ſprings, ſo as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found. *Hawkeſ.*

† Suppoſed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms. *Hawkeſ.*

Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *mischievous spirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to *take them in:*
But when th' inchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

ACHILLES' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
That down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, thro' a long descent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.
Tho' this description looks so big,
That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
Which from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon*, never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No *bobby-horse*, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop *,
Or glitt'ring tinsel of May fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.

DEAR Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad!
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to *your mistress*;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,
And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
But, since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in pis*.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

ATLAS;

OR,

The MINISTER of STATE.

To the Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

Written in the year 1712.

ATLAS, we read in antient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overprest
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the pond'rous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.
YET Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have born it half so long.
GREAT statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A *premier* minister of state;
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise,
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find *upholders*.

The DESCRIPTION of a SALAMANDER.

Out of Pliny's Natural history, *lib.* 10. *c.* 67. *and lib.* 29. *c.* 4.

Written in the year 1706.

AS maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæſar*;
As *pyes* and *daws* are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames like a child;
As we ſay *Monſieur* to an *ape*,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
Were heroes titles heretofore.
Beſtow'd as hi'rogliphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name*?
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.
Would you deſcribe Turenne * or Trump †?
Think of a bucket or a pump.

* This exceſſive bitter *deſcription of a ſalamander*, was occaſioned by the Duke of Marlborough's giving that appellation to Lord Cuts, after he had come off victorious, and without a wound, from an engagement with part of the French army, whoſe fire was ſo extremely briſk, and ſo inceſſantly poured in upon the Engliſh forces, that it was ſuppoſed nothing but a *ſalamander* could have lived in the midſt of it. *Swift.*

* The famous Mareſchal Turenne, General of the French forces, ſaid to have been the greateſt commander of the age. *E.*

† Van Trump, Admiral of the States-General in their laſt war with England, eminent for his courage and his victories. *E.*

Are these too low?——then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cuts a *salamander* *.
'Tis well;——but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

FIRST, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,
When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a *snake* in human form,
All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Became a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.

All this we grant——*why then look yonder,*
Sure that must be a salamander!

FARTHER, we are by Pliny told,
This *serpent* is extremely cold;

* Lord Cuts. *Salamander* was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having survived an engagement in which he stood an incessant fire for many hours. He is said frequently to have lamented himself in these terms: "G—d d—n my bl—d, I'm "the most unlucky dog upon earth: for I never engaged an ene-"my without being wounded, nor a whore without being p—x'd."
Hawkes.

So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether thro' rage, or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon would find the ſame effects
Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the *ſalamander*'s ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.

Then I'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
If this be not a ſalamander?

*The ELEPHANT,

Or, The PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years ſince.

Taken from Coke's Inſtitutes.

ERE bribes convince you whom to chuſe,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruſe.
Obſerve an *elephant*, ſays he,
And let like him your member be:

First, take a man that's free from *gall*;
For elephants have none at all:
In *flocks* or *parties* he must keep;
For elephants live just like sheep:
Stubborn in honour he must be;
For elephants *ne'er bend the knee*:
Last, let his *memory* be sound,
In which your elephant's profound;
That *old examples* from the wise
May prompt him in his No's and Ay's.

THUS the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyer's wit;
And then with Latin, and all that,
Shews the comparison is pat.

YET in some points my Lord is wrong:
One's *teeth* are sold, and t'other's *tongue*:
Now men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like *elephants of shows*,
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.
To get their masters half a crown,
They spread their flag, or lay it down;
Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practise ev'ry pliant gesture,
Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry tester.
Siam, for elephants so fam'd,
Is not with England to be nam'd:
Their elephants by men are sold:
Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

An ELEGY on the ſuppoſed death of PARTRIDGE, the almanack-maker *.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſt,
Tho' we all took it for a jeſt;
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd,
Ere he could prove the good *'Squire* ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his *crony* ſtars
To pay their duty at his herſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The ſun has roſe, and gone to bed,
Juſt as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks thro' Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.
SOME wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt *cobling* † and *aſtrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* riſe
From a *ſhoe-ſole* to reach the ſkies.
A liſt the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That Princes wear derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden ſtars* and *rays*;

* See an account of his death, which Partridge averred to be falſe, and Bickerſtaff defended as true, vol. ii.
† Partridge was a cobler.

Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets ſcience.*
BESIDES, that ſlow pac'd ſign *Bootes,*
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it * *boots.*
THE *horned moon* which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Romans wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *ſhoeing horns,*
Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres.*
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the ſtars, foretell the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe but *leather?*
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes.*
THUS Partridge by his wit and parts,
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boading owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
BESIDES, he could confound the *ſpheres,*
And ſet the *planets* by the ears;
To ſhew his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aſpect malign*;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

* See his almanack.

GREAT ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead,
His *ſoul* and *ſpirit* did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.

THUS Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The *cobling* and *ſtar-gazing* part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Caeſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguiſh boys in ſtormy nights
Torment by piſſing out their lights,
Or thro' a chink convey their ſmoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

THOU, high exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there:
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee thy Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee *ends*:
The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She'll ſtrain a point, and ſit * aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

* ——Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.

The EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back
A *cobler*, *ſtarmonger*, and *quack*;
Who to the *ſtars* in pure good-will
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *ſhoes*:
And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a-week:
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has ſo much virtue in't,
That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *phyſic*, *ſtolen goods*, or *love*,
As he himſelf could, when above.

*VERSES to be prefixed before BERNARD LINTOT's New Miſcellany †.

SOME Colinæus ‡ praiſe, ſome Bleau ‡,
Others account them but ſo ſo;
Some Plantin ‡ to the reſt prefer,
And ſome eſteem old Elzever ‡;
Others with Aldus ‡ would beſot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus———
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own perſon, large and fair.
They print their names in letters ſmall,
But LINTOT ſtands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and ſtare you in the face.

† The Oxford and Cambridge miſcellany, 8vo.
‡ Printers famous for having publiſhed fine editions of the Bible, and of the Greek and Roman claſſics.

Stephens prints *Heathen* Greek, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, ſome can't read:
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Even Rawlinſon might underſtand.
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as read.
Their copy coſt 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;
They ne'er gave *ſixpence* for *two lines*
To them, their heirs, or their aſſigns:
But Lintot is at vaſt expence,
And pays prodigious dear for——ſenſe.
Their books are uſeful but to few,
A ſcholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'ral uſe are fit;
For ſome folks read, but all folks ſh——.

*To Mr JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder†.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

† This poem was wrote by Mr Pope.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er ſince our grandame's evil:
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That antient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themſelves we book-worms name;
The blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
The nymph, whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a worm they take their riſe,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaux,
And death watches phyſicians.

That ſtateſmen have the worm, is ſeen
By all their winding play;
Their conſcience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy ſkill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would riſe,
If thou couldſt make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O! learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who ſett'ſt our intrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canſt adjourn
Some few ſhort years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits * to worms ſhall turn,
Who maggots were before.

VERSES occaſioned by an &c. at the end of Mr D'URFY's name in the title to one of his plays †.

JOVE call'd before him t'other day
The *vowels*, U, O, I, E, A;
All *diphthongs*, and all *conſonants*,
Either of England, or of France;
And all that were, or wiſh'd to be,
Rank'd in the name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
Fierce is this cauſe; the *letters* ſpoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *mutes* turn'd vocal.
Thoſe four proud ſyllables alone
Were ſilent, which by fate's decree
Chim'd in ſo ſmoothly one by one,
To the ſweet name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
N, by whom names ſubſiſt, declar'd,
To have no place in this was hard;
And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with *U*;
So hop'd to ſtand no leſs than he
In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
E ſhew'd, a *comma* ne'er could claim
A place in any Britiſh name;
Yet, making here a perfect botch,
Thruſts your poor vowel from his notch;

* Button's coffee-houſe, in Covent-Garden, frequented by the wits of that time.

† This accident happened by Mr D'Urfy's having made a flouriſh there, which the printer miſtook for an *&c.*

Hiatus ne valde deformet.
From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my part in thee,
Than be no part in *Tom D'Urfy*.
P proteſted, puff'd, and ſwore,
He'd not be ſerv'd ſo like a beaſt;
He was a piece of emperor,
And made up half a pope at leaſt.
C vow'd, he'd frankly have reſign'd
His double ſhare in *Cæſar Cæſus*
For only one in *Tom Durfeus*.
I, conſonant and vowel too,
To *Jupiter* did humbly ſue,
That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeus his true *Latin* name:
For tho' without them both 'twas clear
Himſelf could ne'er be *Jupiter*;
Yet they'd reſign that poſt ſo high
To be the genitive, *Durfei*.
B and *L* ſwore b—— and w——s;
X and *Z* cry'd, p—x and n——s;
G ſwore by G—d; it ne'er ſhould be;
And *W* would not loſe, not he,
An *Engliſh letter*'s property
In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
In ſhort, the reſt were all in fray,
From *Chriſt-croſs* to *et cætera*.
They, tho' but ſtanders-by, too mutter'd;
Diphthongs and tripthongs ſwore and ſtutter'd;
That none had ſo much right to be
Part of the name of ſtutt'ring *T*—
T—*Tom*—*a*—*s*——*D*—*D'Ur*—*fy*—*fy*.

Then *Jove* thus ſpake: With care and pain
We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme:

Not thine, * immortal *Neufgermain!*
'Coſt ſtudious *cabaliſts* more time.
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
And turn ſtrange hi'roglyphicks there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unleſs i' th' name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
WERE you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I ſay?
What if the *Hebrew* next ſhould aim
To turn quite backward *D'Urfy*'s name?
Shou'd the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I
Cou'd never bring in *Pſi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;
And all th' ambitious vowels vie,
No leſs than *Pythagoric Y*,
To have a place in *Tom D'Urfy*.
THEN, well belov'd and truſty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, pleaſe each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid muſt call;
Et cæt'ra repreſents ye all:
Et cæt'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd ſhall be
To the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

* PROLOGUE deſigned for Mr. D'URFY's laſt play.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to diſcard
Your perſevering, unexhauſted bard:

* A poet, who uſed to make verſes ending with the laſt ſyllables of the names of thoſe perſons he praiſed; which Voiture turned againſt him in a poem of the ſame kind.

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous lover is ſucceſsful ſtill,
Who ſtrives to pleaſe the fair *againſt* her *will:*
Be kind, and make him in his wiſhes eaſy,
Who in your own *deſpite* has ſtrove to pleaſe ye.
He ſcorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, ſhould each man bring his claim,
Have deſperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From his deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor ſinks his credit lower than it was.
Tho' plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reaſons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And ſeen the death of much immortal ſong.
He ſays, poor poets loſt, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Tho' Tom the poet writ with eaſe and pleaſure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treaſure.
Fame is at beſt an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis ſubſtantial happineſs to *eat*.
Let eaſe, his laſt requeſt, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* PROLOGUE to The Three Hours after Marriage.

AUTHORS are judg'd by ſtrange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the ſmall ones fools:
Yet ſure the beſt are moſt ſeverely fated;
For fools are *only laugh'd* at, wits are hated.

Blockheads with reaſon men of ſenſe abhor;
But fool 'gainſt fool is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all authors then ſhould critics fall?
Since ſome have writ, and ſhewn no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made it."
By running goods theſe graceleſs owlers gain;
Theirs are the *rules* of France, the *plots* of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Daſh'd by theſe rogues, turns Engliſh common draught.
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' ſprightly ſtrain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How ſhall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares moſt impudently not tranſlate!
It had been civil in theſe tickliſh times
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and French abuſe to the world's end,
But ſpare old England, leſt you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our ſatire bit,
Let him hiſs loud, to ſhew you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as *ſaleſmen* cloaths:
We take no meaſure of your fops and beaus;
But here all ſizes and all ſhapes you meet,
And fit yourſelves, like chaps in Monmouth ſtreet.
GALLANTS! look here: this *fool's cap* * has an air
Goodly and ſmart, with ears of Iſſachar.
Let no one fool ingroſs it, or confine,
A common bleſſing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap, for ſuch as will, to wear.
Our author has it now (for every wit
Of courſe reſign'd it to the next that writ);
And thus upon the ſtage 'tis fairly thrown †;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* *Shews a cap with ears.* † *Flings down the cap, and exit.*

SANDYS's GHOST:

OR,

A proper new BALLAD on the new OVID's METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to be tranſlated by perſons of quality.

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleaſure about town,
Read this, ere you tranſlate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verſes Sterling,
Tho' with a golden pen you ſcrawl,
And ſcribble in a *berlin*:

For not the deſk with ſilver nails,
Nor *bureau* of expence,
Nor ſtandiſh well japan'd, avails
To writing of good ſenſe.

Hear how a ghoſt in dead of night,
With ſancer eyes of fire,
In woful wiſe did ſore affright
A wit and courtly 'ſquire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uſes
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the muſes.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was ſo civil;
And ſell his ſoul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A deſk he had of curious work,
With glittering ſtuds about
Within the ſame did Sandys lurk,
Tho' Ovid lay without.

Now, as he ſcratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the *ſprite* ſo thin,
And from the key-hole bolted out
All upright as a pin.

With whiſkers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff compos'd moſt duely,
This 'ſquire he dropp'd his pen full ſoon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! Maſter Sam, quoth Sandys' ſprite,
Write on, nor let me ſcare ye;
Forſooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgel ſeek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See firſt the merry P——— comes
In haſte without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, 'ſquires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at St James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Juſtice Philips' coſtive head
Some frigid rhymes diſburſes;
They ſhall like Perſian Tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurſes.

Let Warwick's muſe with Aſh——t join,
And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addiſon combine,
And Pope tranſlate with Jervis.

L—— himſelf, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F—— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye *ladies* too draw forth your pen;
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witneſs Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonſon, liſt thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noſes:
For to poor Ovid ſhall befal
A ſtrange *metamorphoſis*;

A *metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
Than all his books can vapour——
"To what," (quoth 'ſquire) "ſhall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, *To waſte paper.*

*UMBRA.

CLOSE to the beſt-known author Umbra ſits,
The conſtant index to all Button's wits.
Who's here? cries Umbra: only Johnſon—*Oh!*
Your ſlave, and *exit*; but returns with Rowe:
Dear Rowe, let's ſit and talk of tragedies:
Ere long Pope *enters*, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his *heel*,
And in a moment faſtens upon *Steele*;

But cries as ſoon, *Dear Dick, I muſt be gone;*
For if I know his tread, here's Addiſon.
Says Addiſon to Steele, 'Tis time to go:
Pope to the cloſet ſteps aſide with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en ſits him down, and writes to honeſt Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, ſenſe, like charity, *begins at home.*

* DUKE upon DUKE.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO lordings proud I tune my lay,
Who feaſt in bow'r or hall:
Tho' Dukes they be, to Dukes I ſay,
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guiſe,
And Nic. of Lancaſtere.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart),
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick;
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And if your a—ſe, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the Duke of Lancastere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver sate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Tho' made full short by God;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair
To Guise's Duke was he:
Was ever such a loving pair?
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was: He lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite:

" This eve at whisk ourself will play,
" Sir Duke! be here to-night."

Ah no! ah no! the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So sore the gout have I.

The Duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington!

All in a trice he rush'd on Guise,
Thrust out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog trick!
Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic.! oh Nic. alas!
Right did thy gossip call thee:
As who should say, Alas the day
When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit;
And look'd, as if he meant therein
To do——what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t——d, instead of trope.

" Lie there, thou caitiff vile! quoth Guiſe;
" No *ſpeet* is here to ſave thee:
" The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
" Beneath my feet I have thee.

" If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out."
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
" Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more,
" Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
" That battled heretofore?

" In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
" And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech),
" Still of the council privy;

" Still of the *duchy* chancellor;
" *Durante life* I have it;
" And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
" Mine a——e on them that gave it."
But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And Duke Nic. up leap'd he:
I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
But, Guiſe! I'll fight with thee:

To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the green-wood tree;
" No, not to-morrow, but to-night
" (Quoth Guiſe) I'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn;
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee.

And ſo he did—— for to New Court
His rowling wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife;
But *buſ'neſs* muſt be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton park,
He turn'd up thro' the gore;
So ſlunk to Cambden houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean while Duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening-dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then wet and weary home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic. ſhall rue
"The cudgel of that day.

" Mean time on every piſſing-poſt
" Paſte we this recreant's name,
" So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
" And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious King,
And grant, his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from Duke Nic.
That *pride will have a fall.*

* FRAGMENT of a SATIRE†.

IF meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wiſh the man a dinner, and ſit ſtill:
If dreadful Dennis raves in furious fret,
I'll anſwer Dennis when I am in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print;
And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the *mint?*
SHOULD ſome more ſober critics come abroad,
If wrong, I ſmile; if right, I kiſs the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence;
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and *points* they ſet exactly right;
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their *mite:*
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd thoſe ribalds,
From flaſhing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds,
Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *ſcans* and *ſpells*;
A word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables.
Yet ev'n this creature may ſome notice claim,
Wrapt round and ſanctify'd with Shakeſpear's name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

† *This and the four following* poems were wrote by Mr Pope.

The *thing* we know, is neither rich nor rare;
And wonder how the devil it got there.
Are others angry? I excuse them too:
Well may they rage; I give them *but* their due.
Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can *gratify*? for who can *guess*?
The wretch * whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a-year;
In sense still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
† Johnson, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
‡ It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
Should modest satire bid all these *translate*,
And own that nine such poets make a Tate;
How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
How would they swear not Congreve's self was safe!
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inspires;
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

* Philips. † Author of the Victim, and Cobler of Preston.
‡ Verse of Dr Ev.

Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Who, if two wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt;
Like Cato, gives his *little ſenate* laws,
And ſits attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
What pity, heav'n! if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Addiſon were he!

*MACER.

WHEN ſimple Macer, now of high renown,
First ſought a poet's fortune in the town;
'Twas all th' ambition his great ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with Steel.
Some ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the town,
And in a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
There he ſtopt ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the moſt of little;
Like ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
† Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe country-wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns chambermaid:
Awkward, and ſupple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;

† He requeſted by public advertiſements the aid of the ingenious to make *up a miſcellany* in 1713.

Thought wondrous honeſt, tho' of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *ſimplicity*:
In a tranſlated ſuit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with punk.

*SYLVIA; a FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wondrous wiſe alarm'd
Aw'd without ſenſe, and without beauty charm'd:
But ſome odd graces and fine flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad:
Her tongue ſtill run on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wiſe:
Good-nature, ſhe declar'd it, was her ſcorn,
Tho' 'twas by that alone ſhe could be born:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
Now coy, and ſtudious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor, and the *book of martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his *Grace* and *Charters*.
MEN, ſome to buſ'neſs, ſome to pleaſure take;
But ev'ry woman's in her ſoul a rake.
Frail, fev'riſh ſex! their fit now chills, now burns:
Atheiſm and ſuperſtition rule by turns;
And the mere Heathen in her carnal part
Is ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart.

*ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things, methinks, ſhe fails;
'Twere well, if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part, except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

*PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:

Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign ſtate
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniard or French came to her;
To all obliging ſhe'd appear;
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S'il vous plait*, *Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe inſects fair,
Which curious Germans hold ſo rare,
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD*,

OR,

The Receipt to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt,

* This poem is allowed by all perſons of taſte and judgment, to be ſuch a maſter-piece in its kind, that it muſt abide the teſt of all future ages. *Swift.*

Jove ſent, and found far in a country-ſcene
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus cleans from ev'ry ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy compoſition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs FINCH, afterwards Counteſs of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

Written in the year 1707.

PHOEBUS, now ſhort'ning ev'ry ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And gueſs'd his buſ'neſs ere he ſpoke.

He in the old celeſtial cant
  Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx
Whate'er ſhe would deſire to grant———
  But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
  Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd, upon a trial,
  To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid:
  Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
  The god could not refuſe her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
  But ſhe the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
  Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude;
  But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
  When on their queen the muſes wait:
But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r;
  For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
Deceitful nymph, I ſee thy art;
And, tho' I can't my gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev'ry muſe to grace thy ſong,
Mayſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name.

Of modeſt poets be thou firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May you deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig*, and one that wears a gown.

*IMPROMPTU.

To Lady WINCHELSEA.

Occaſioned by four ſatirical verſes on *women-wits* in *The rape of the lock.*

IN vain you boaſt poetic names of yore,
And cite thoſe Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit;
But doom'd it then, when firſt Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confeſt,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the beſt;

* To underſtand what the Doctor meaneth by a *Whig* in this paſſage, conſult vol. iii. p. 232. l. 27. &c.

Who, like her miſtreſs on Britannia's throne,
Fights and ſubdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praiſe you but in vain eſſay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praiſe away:
Light to the ſtars the ſun does thus reſtore,
But ſhines himſelf till they are ſeen no more.

* EPIGRAM.

A Biſhop by his neighbours hated,
Has cauſe to wiſh himſelf tranſlated:
But why ſhould Hough deſire tranſlation,
Lov'd and eſteem'd by all the nation?
YET, if it be the old man's caſe,
I'll lay my life, I know the place:
'Tis where God ſent ſome that adore him,
And whether Enoch went before him.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha'n't diſpute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Altho' thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
OH, would it pleaſe the gods to *ſplit*
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize.

And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her ſwain),
To ſplit my Worſhip too in twain.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at firſt incline
Where-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to ev'ry friend.
What tho' the painting grows decay'd?
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, tho' the treach'rous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dawber's hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe in fact:
An *angel*'s face a little crack'd;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix):
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel*'s mind;
And ev'ry virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes *ſuch* reaſonable bills,

So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or stop and light at Cloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face;
Tho' you, and all your senseless tribe
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And croud to Stella's at fourscore.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY;

A great bottle of wine, long buried, being that day dug up. 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,

Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me Lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.

Forsaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to day;
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh——n the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel 'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.

Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
Tho' you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhould uſe all 'em,

You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns,
Thro' the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,
I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs Brent*;
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunder's † cellar on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent Archy ‡ hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould:
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca ||, Ford, and Grattons ** by.

Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rds the ſkies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus for the poet's uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſov'reign med'cine for the brains.

* The houſekeeper. † The butler.
‡ The footman. || A lady, friend to Stella.
** Friends of the author.

You'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs Brents,
Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the muſe;
(But firſt let Robert *, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees);
The muſe will at your call appear,
With Stella's praiſe to crown the year.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1724.

As when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old houſekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;

* The valet.

Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And if the muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.

But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That *Time* ſits with his ſithe to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.
Oh, ne'er may fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me deaf and mend my *ſight!*

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, March 13. 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the graveſt of divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.

ALTHO' we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.

WERE future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſwage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,

And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine thro' life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before:
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates:
Your gen'rous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glitt'ring dreſs;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoics would complain:
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have dy'd.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continu'd by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,

Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.
O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suff'rings share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

* To Mrs MARTHA BLOUNT †.

Sent on her birth-day, June 15.

OH, be thou blest'd with all that Heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!
Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that *vex*, and vanities that *tire*;
Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;

† This poem was wrote by Mr Pope. It appears from his will, that he had had a sincere regard and long affection for the lady to whom it is addressed.

Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

Let joy, or eaſe, let affluence, or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face;
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear*;
Till death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or eccſtaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!

* SONG by a perſon of quality.

I Said to my heart, between ſleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aking,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit—a—patation?

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this ſober reply:
See the heart without motion, tho' Celia paſs by!
Not the beauty ſhe has, or the wit that ſhe borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any ſorrows.

When our Sappho appears, ſhe whoſe wit's ſo refin'd,
I am forc'd to applaud with the reſt of mankind;
Whatever ſhe ſays, is with ſpirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heav'n, tho' man is her aim:

'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
Thoſe ſtars of this world are too good for the ſkies.

But Cloe ſo lively, ſo eaſy, ſo fair,
Her wit ſo genteel, without art, without care;
When ſhe comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the akings, return all again.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of ſeaſon!
When ſo eaſy to gueſs who this angel ſhould be,
Would one think Mrs Howard ne'er dream'd it was ſhe?

*BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye.
Oh! the turn'd neck and ſmooth white ſkin
Of lovely deareſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been,
Had ſhe ne'er paſs'd by Calai-.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her couſins),
Acroſs the Tulleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The King, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his *buſſar*,
And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly:
Then ſaid the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But who's that grave philoſopher
That carefully looks at'er?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly),
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome pappas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her *roſe*, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoiſes*).
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the ſpring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *alley*:
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn Pygmalion:

For ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

*ODE, FOR MUSIC.

On the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE *longitude* miſs'd on
By wicked Will. Whiſton;
And not better hit on
By good Maſter Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiſton
May both be bep-ſt on;
And Whiſton and Ditton
May both be beſh-t on.
Sing Ditton
Beſh-t on;
And Whiſton,
Bep-ſt on.
Sing Ditton and Whiſton,
And Whiſton and Ditton,
Beſh-t and bep-ſt on,
Bep-ſt and beſh-t on.

DA CAPO.

*EPIGRAM on the feuds about HANDEL and BONONCINI.

STRANGE! all this difference ſhould be
'Twixt *tweedle-dum* and tweedle-*dee*!

On

* On Mrs TOFTS.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Orpheus along:
But ſuch is thy av'rice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

TWO or THREE;

OR,

A Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three viſits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kiſſes, with two or three ſighs,
Two or three *Jeſuſes* and *let me dies*.
Two or three ſqueezes, and two or three towzes,
With two or three thouſand pound loſt at their houſes,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three ſpouſes.

* On a LADY who p——t at the tragedy of CATO; occaſioned by an epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILE maudlin *Whigs* deplor'd their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the *Tory* Celia ſate:
But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The guſhing waters find a vent below:
Tho' ſecret, yet with copious grief ſhe mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.

Let others ſcrew their hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place:
There nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For that road leads directly to the heart.

*EPIGRAM, in a maid of honour's Prayer-book.

WHEN Iſrael's daughters mourn'd their paſt offences,
They dealt in *ſackcloth*, and turn'd *cinder-wenches*:
But Richmond's fair ones never ſpoil their locks;
They uſe white powder, and wear Holland ſmocks.
O comely church! where females find *clean linen*
As decent to *repent* in, as to *ſin* in.

EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice——
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

*The BALANCE of EUROPE.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither ſide prevails;
For *nothing's left* in either of the ſcales.

* A Panegyrical Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow, goldsmith, near Temple-bar; occasioned by his buying and selling the third South-sea subscriptions, taken in by the directors at a thousand *per cent.* †.

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verse to hear;
Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide grasping hand grows black with gold:
Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
In crouds of brokers overawe the *flocks*;
Suspend the worldly bus'ness of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd!
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st: no bill was sent unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on ‡ Martin's boards,
And ‡ Atwill's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st; an Indian king in size and hue!
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

† In the year 1720, the South-sea company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551 l. Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions, the first at 300 l. *per cent.* the second at 400 l. and a third at 1000 l. Such was the infatuation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums; so that 100 l. South-sea stock subscribed at 1000 l. was sold for 1200 l. in Exchange-alley. *Hawkes.*

‡ Names of eminent goldsmiths.

WHY did 'Change-alley waſte thy precious hours
Among the fools who gap'd for golden ſhow'rs?
No wonder, if we find ſome poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder *they* were caught by South-ſea ſchemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder *they* their third ſubſcriptions ſold
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that *their* fancies wild can frame
Strange reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
Tho' chang'd throughout in ſubſtance and in name.
But *you* (whoſe judgment ſcorns poetic flights)
With contracts furniſh boys for paper-kites.

LET vulture Hopkins ſtretch his ruſty throat,
Who ruins thouſands for a ſingle groat:
I know thou ſcorn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would plague mankind.
Madmen alone their empty dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
They ſell the treaſures which their ſlumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail;
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

THRO' fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where wrapp'd in contemplation, and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.

As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſted bow'rs,
A *poet* enter'd of the neighbouring cell,
And *with fix'd eye* obſerv'd the ſtructure well:

A ſharpen'd ſkewer 'croſs his bare ſhoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my caſtle-walls,
"My ſtatues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
"With land of more than twenty acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law).
The banker's brain was cool'd; the miſt grew clear;
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And ſear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
Yet loath the ſum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The ſtartled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
"Shall I, ye gods (he cries) my debts compound!"
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkew'r he takes,
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes;
With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally * of ten thouſand pound."

The SOUTH-SEA, 1721.

YE wiſe philoſophers! explain
What magic makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main?
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Preſto be gone——'Tis here agen;
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

* *Charles* II. having borrowed a conſiderable ſum, gave tallies *as a ſecurity* for the re-payment; but ſoon after, ſhutting up the *exchequer*, theſe tallies were as much reduced from their original *value*, as the South-ſea had exceeded it. Hawkeſ.

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal ſeems to ſwim.

It riſes both in bulk and height;
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop!
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pound;
I have in view a Lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate.

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a deſp'rate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears——in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed
Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome inchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Two hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke;
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led,
They with their *ſpoils* went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the Red-ſea ſhore.

Rais'd up on *Hope*'s aſpiring plumes,
The young adventr'er o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight;
With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is caſt.

A moraliſt might here explain
The raſhneſs of the Cretan youth;
Deſcribe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*;
He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent,
In Southern ſeas he leaves his ſhame.

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in your dang'rous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thouſands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wiſe* are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together,
Swim where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And ſwimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd;
But if a *ſharper* once come in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwall'wing up the ſmall;
So fares it in the Southern ſea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *ſtock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream,
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the light
By intercepting ev'ry beam.

The day of judgment will be ſoon,
(Cries out a ſage among the croud;)
An aſs hath ſwallow'd up the moon:
The moon lay ſafe behind the cloud.

Each poor *ſubſcriber* to the ſea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies:
Directors fall as well as they;
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So fiſhes riſing from the main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd wings on high;
The moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in ſpacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a ſieve.

Thus Venus to the ſea deſcends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It ſhews the queen of love intends
To ſearch the deep for pearl and coral.

The ſea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my Grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly underſtand;
For by the ſea ſhe meant the *South*.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
  Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
  Look round, and see how thick it lies.

Oh! would those patriots be so kind,
  Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
  The sea indeed had *golden sands*.

A shilling in the Bath you fling,
  The silver takes a nobler hue
By magic virtue in the spring,
  And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
  At market for a farthing more,
Shewn thro' a multiplying glass,
  Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the Southern seas,
  And view it thro' a *jobber*'s bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
  Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
  Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
  And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
  He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
  All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

Upon the waters cast thy bread,
  And after many days thou'lt find it;
But gold upon this ocean spread
  Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thouſands fell;
Here all the bold advent'rers came;
A narrow ſound, tho' deep as hell;
'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot, ſeldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
And joſtle one another down;
Each padling in his leaky boat,
And hear they fiſh for gold, and drown.

Now bury'd in the deep below,
Now mounted up to heav'n again,
They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
At their wits end, like drunken men *.

Mean time ſecure on Garr'way † cliffs
A ſavage race, by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lies,
From ſome malicious Tory's brain:
For where *directors* get a prize,
The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a Lord is ply'd,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By vent'ring on the cheating ſide,
Tho' not into the ſecret let.

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
Directors build them in the ſeas:

* *Pſalm cvii.* † Coffeehouſe in 'Change-alley.

Subſcribers plainly ſee 'em there;
For fools will ſee, as wiſe men pleaſe.

Thus oft by mariners are ſhown
(Unleſs the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's caſtles overflown,
And palace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

Mark where the ſly *directors* creep,
Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep
To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover ſtrength whene'er he fell:
Alcides held him in his arms,
And ſent him *up in air to hell.*

Directors thrown into the ſea,
Recover ſtrength and vigour there:
But may be tam'd another way,
Suſpended for a while in *air.*

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found,
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low,
To leave you dry upon the beach;

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
  Your foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
  While you lie helpleſs on the ſand.

Thus, when a whale hath loſt the tide,
  The coaſters croud to ſeize the ſpoil;
The monſter into parts divide,
  And ſtrip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may ſome weſtern tempeſt ſweep
  Theſe *locuſts*, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
  Driv'n from the South-ſea to the Red!

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
  Who *lifts* the poor, and *ſinks* the proud,
Quiet the raging of the ſea,
  And *ſtill the madneſs of the* croud!

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
  Till thoſe devouring *ſwine* run down,
(The devils leaving the poſſeſt),
  And *headlong in the waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
  Computing all their coſt and trouble,
Directors promiſes but wind,
  South-ſea at beſt a mighty bubble.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
Arma virûm, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
VIRG.

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When *Ay* ſaid *Ay*, and *No* ſaid *No*,
Without a place or fee;
Then Satan thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit call'd *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er:
And every houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp *Quadrille*, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court cards they name:
And, ſtateſmen-like, calls in the king
To help out a bad game:
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to loſe *Codille*, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books inroll'd,
And call'd a *party quarree*:
But now, meet when and where you will,
A *party quarree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,

Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good husband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes th' *apothecary*;
And to the doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare.
The patient dies without a pill;
For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill;
For why? the gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
And made of many a 'squire and lord
An unwash'd Knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Postboy and Gazette
The *quadruple allies*:
But some body took something ill,
So broke this party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X

And now, God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover;

And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over:
But let the King go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

* MOLLY MOG;

OR,

The Fair Maid of the Inn †.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?
I've ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at beſt are a clog:
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet Molly Mog.

The ſchoolboy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchoolmaſter's joy is to flog;
The milkmaid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on ſweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wiſp leads the traveller a-gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog:
But no light can ſet me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

† The Roſe-inn at Okingham in Berkſhire.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog:
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog:
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe who toaſt all the family royal
In *bumpers of bogan* and *nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to *my* ſweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue;
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for ſweet Molly Mog.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the *vicar*,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog.

* A new SONG of new SIMILES.

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of woman-kind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone;
She laughs to ſee me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee!
Hearts ſound as any bell or roach
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her:
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are;
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites:

Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Tho' ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emp'ror ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt:
Let us like burs together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

*NEWGATE's GARLAND;

Being a new ballad, ſhewing how Mr Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr Blake, alias Blueſkin, the bold highwayman, as he ſtood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.

To the tune of the *Cut purſe.*

I.

YE gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueſkin was led,
He held up his hand; his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan ſtood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

III.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown:
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers agen.

Let them all take their ſwing
To pillage the King,
And get a blue ribbon, inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.
Since this happy day
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

V.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe;
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar.
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's cold:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VI.

Some by public revenues, which paſs'd thro' their hands,
Have purchas'd clean houſes, and bought dirty lands:
Some to ſteal from a charity think it no ſin,
Which at home (ſays the proverb) does always begin.
But, if ever you be
Aſſign'd the truſtee,
Treat not orphans like maſters of the chancery;
But take the highway, and more honeſtly ſeize;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his braſs,
Who would modeſtly make a few halfpennies paſs!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomede changed his copper for gold:
But, if Ireland deſpiſe
The new halfpennies,
With more ſafety to rob on the road I adviſe:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet thee at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

PROMETHEUS.

On Wood * the patentee's Iriſh halfpence.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

AS when the 'ſquire and tinker, Wood,
Gravely conſulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a maſs
Smith's duſt, and copper, lead, and braſs;
The mixture thus by chymic art
United cloſe in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued ſpecies;
And by the forming engine ſtruck,
On all the ſame impreſſion ſtuck:
So, to confound this *hated coin*,
All *parties* and *religions* join;
Whigs, *Tories*, *Trimmers*, *Hanoverians*,
Quakers, *Conformiſts*, *Preſbyterians*,
Scotch, *Iriſh*, *Engliſh*, *French* unite,
With *equal inſtreſt*, *equal ſpite*;

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's letters, vol. iii.

Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in *one opinion* jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The ſame impreſſion on his mind.
A ſtrange event! whom *gold* incites
To blood and quarrels, *braſs* unites:
So, goldſmiths ſay, the coarſeſt ſtuff
Will ſerve for *ſolder* well enough:
So by the *kettle*'s loud alarm
The *bees* are gather'd to a *ſwarm*:
So by the *brazen* trumpet's bluſter
Troops of all tongues and nations muſter:
And ſo the *harp* of Ireland brings
Whole crouds about its *brazen ſtrings*.

II.

THERE is a chain let down from Jove,
But faſten'd to his throne above,
So ſtrong that from the lower end,
They ſay, all human things depend.
This chain, as antient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of *gold*.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Diſſolv'd, and into *money* coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of braſs:
(Venus was brib'd to let it paſs *).
Now, when this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove ſaw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godſhip rais'd;
No ſacrifice on altars blaz'd;
In ſhort, ſuch dire confuſion follow'd,
Earth muſt have been in chaos ſwallow'd.
Jove ſtood amaz'd; but, looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;

* A great lady was ſaid to have been bribed by Wood.

And to the god of wealth his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
PROMETHEUS on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with a chain himſelf had made,
On icy Caucaſus to ſhiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

YE pow'rs of Grubſtreet, make me able
Diſcreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be underſtood
By that old thief Prometheus? WOOD.
For Jove, it is not hard to gueſs him;
I mean his Majeſty, *God bleſs him.*
This thief and blackſmith was ſo bold,
He ſtrove to ſteal that chain of gold,
Which links the ſubject to the King,
And change it for a brazen ſtring.
But ſure, if nothing elſe muſt paſs
Between the King and us, but braſs,
Altho' the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow ſlack.
BUT Jove will ſoon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus ſhall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

* STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft Strephon kept a pother;
One year he languiſh'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.

Yet when his love the ſhepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy,
Reſerv'd, demure, than ſnow more cold,
She ſcorn'd the gentle boy.
Late at a ball he own'd his pain:
She bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
With all the marks of high diſdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The ſwain perſiſted ſtill to pray,
The nymph ſtill to deny;
At laſt ſhe vow'd ſhe would not ſtay;
He ſwore ſhe ſhould not fly.
Enrag'd, ſhe call'd her footman ſtrait,
And ruſh'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with Ralph at home.

CORINNA.

Written in the year 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.
But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.
Then Cupid thus: This little maid
Of love ſhall always ſpeak and write:
And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
The world ſhall feel her ſcratch and bite.
Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons

She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.
At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my Lady's maid;
And you may swear the tale went round.
She made a song, how little Miss
Was kiss'd and slober'd by a lad;
And how when Master went to p——,
Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.
At twelve a wit, and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elops, and runs in debt;
Turns authoress, and is Curl's for life.
Her common place-book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a *cornucopia*;
She pours it out in Atalantis *,
Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

* The QUIDNUNCKI'S:

A tale occasioned by the death of the Duke Regent of FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said at Dame Elleot's †, Master Tr——s);
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh! may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)

* The Atalantis was written by Mrs Manley; and may be considered as a pander for the stews, who gains admittance into good company by a genteel appearance, and good address. Hawkes.

† A coffeehouse near St. James's.

The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
——I wiſh the King were ſafely landed.
Ah friends! great changes threat the land!
All France and England at a ſtand!
There's Meroweis——mark! ſtrange work!
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk——
The Pope——An India merchant by
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply.

ALL at a ſtand? you ſee great changes?
Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the Ganges:
There dwells the nation of Quidnuncki's,
(So Monomotapa calls monkies):
On either bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now):
Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
And, juſt as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or ſtroke them.

THERE have I ſeen ſome active prig,
To ſhew his parts, beſtride a twig:
Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiſer, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one's ſwing).
From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
Never, ah never, to return!

Z——*ds!* what a fall had our dear brother!
Morbleu! cries one, and *Damme*, t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral ſcreech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to ſteal.

A while all eyes intent and ſteddy
Purſue him whirling down the eddy:
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And bus'neſs, on each monkey ſhore,
Runs the ſame track it run before.

*AY AND NO: A FABLE.

IN fable all things hold diſcourſe;
Then words, no doubt, muſt talk of courſe.
Once on a time, near Channel-row †,
Two hoſtile adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
Were haſt'ning to the field of fight,
And front to front ſtood oppoſite.
Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:
STOP, peeviſh particle, beware!
I'm told you are not ſuch a bear,
But ſometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis *we* who muſt decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder ſtage
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow,
That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No*:
Yet in expenſive long contention
We gain nor office, grant, or penſion:
Why then ſhould *kinſfolks* quarrel thus?
(For *two* of *you* make *one* of *us* ‡).
To ſome wiſe ſtateſman let us go,
Where each his *proper uſe* may know:

† *Channel row* is a dirty ſtreet near the parliament houſe, *Weſtminſter*.

‡ *In Engliſh* two negatives make an affirmative.

He may admit two ſuch commanders,
And make the wait who ſerv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A ſecretary-lord, not Miſter Y——g.
Obſequious at his high command
Ay ſhall march forth to tax the land.
Impeachments *No* can beſt reſiſt,
And *Ay* ſupport the civil liſt:
Ay quick as Cæſar wins the day;
And *No*, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual ſly diſguiſe,
Let *Ay* ſeem *No's*, and *No's* ſeem *Ay's*;
Ay be in court's denials meant,
And *No* in biſhop's give conſent.
THUS *Ay* propos'd——and for reply
No for the firſt time anſwer'd *Ay*.
They parted with a thouſand kiſſes,
And fight e'er ſince for *pay*, like Swiſſes.

PHILLIS;

OR,

The PROGRESS of love.

Written in the year 1716.

DESPONDING Phillis was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:

In church you hear her, thro' the croud,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn by times the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phil! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſculk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl *had ſuch a baſhful way*.
Now John the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that Phillis went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
For John muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her, whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do;
For truly John was miſſing too:
The horſe and pillion both were gone!
Phillis, it ſeems, was fled with John.
Old *Madam*, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,

A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much honour'd father——theſe,
('Tis always done. romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows),
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.
" That long ago a *fortune-teller*
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *ſerving man of low degree.*
" It was *her fate*, muſt be forgiven;
" For *marriages were made in heav'n*:
" His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She'd *do't, if 'twere to do again:*
" Thank'd God, 'twas *neither ſhame nor ſin*;
" For John was come of *honeſt kin.*
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" *She'd beg with John from door to door.*
" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She'll never do't *another time.*
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid nor wife.*
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *thing was done, and paſt recalling*;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his *paſſion's over.*
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was——his *moſt obedient daughter.*"
FAIR maidens, all attend the muſe,
Who now the wand'ring pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phil cry'd, and John began to curſe:

Phil wiſh'd, that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd, that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel 'em,
The muſe hath now no time to tell 'em,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft ſhe broke her marriage-vows
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian juſtice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For John is landlord, Phillis hoſteſs:
They keep at Staines the old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

The PROGRESS of POETRY.

Written in the year 1720.

THE farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighb'ring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhews the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graſe,
And round the barren common ſtrays,

Hard exercise, and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare:
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.
  Such is the poet fresh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play):
His morning draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth.
  But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-year's coat so smooth and bare,
Thro' ev'ry threed it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grubstreet rings.

The PROGRESS of BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1720.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon, how would he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent site,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose.

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound;

But when she rose, white, black, and red,
Tho' still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her *early* self no more;
But fill'd with admiration stands,
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and Lusitanian * dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings:
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest earthly things,
A lady's face, and China ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near:

* Portugal.

Take pattern by your *ſiſter* ſtar;
  Delude at once, and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
  And chiefly chuſe to ſhine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
  When the materials all are gone;
The beſt mechanic hand muſt fail,
  Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wiſe logicians ſay,
  Cannot without a *form* ſubſiſt;
And *form*, ſay I, as well as they,
  Muſt fail, if *matter* brings no griſt.

And this is fair Diana's caſe;
  For all aſtrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
  When mortals ſay ſhe's in her wane:

While * Partridge wiſely ſhews the cauſe
  Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws
  Attacks her in the *milky way*:

But Gadbury *, in art profound,
  From her pale cheeks pretends to ſhow,
That ſwain Endymion † is not found,
  Or elſe that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cauſe be what it will,
  In half a month ſhe looks ſo thin,
That Flamſtead can, with all his ſkill,
  See but her forehead and her chin.

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris. *Hawkeſ.*
† Endymion, a young ſhepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured. *Hawkeſ.*

Yet, as ſhe waſtes, ſhe grows diſcreet,
Till midnight never ſhews her head:
So rotting Celia ſtrolls the ſtreet,
When ſober folks are all abed.

For ſure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her treſſes mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can reſtore a *noſe*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye pow'rs who over love preſide!
Since mortal beauties drop ſo ſoon,
If you would have us well ſupply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon.

PETHOX THE GREA

Written in the year 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the ſkilful herald trace
The founder of thy antient race:
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Diſcovers Vulcan for thy ſire;
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin ſing'd the ſoil,
From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal pow'r deſcends to thee:
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came;

And, as a proof, ſhew num'rous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*;
And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent:
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul deſcend;
Or from Parthenope * the proud,
Where numberleſs thy vot'ries croud:
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Veſputio's name;
For ſo conject'rers would obtrude,
And from thy painted ſkin conclude:
Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.

THY fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas † knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'ſt.

BYZANTIANS boaſt, that on the clod
Where once their *Sultan*'s horſe hath trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.

THE greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.

* *Naples.*
† *Bubo*, the owl.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'nefs muft retire.
The haughty minifter of ftate
With trembling muft thy leifure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'nefs of the nation ftands.
Thou dar'ft the greateft prince attack,
Canft hourly fet him on the rack,
And, as an inftance of thy pow'r,
Incloſe him in a wooden tow'r:
With pungent pains on ev'ry fide,
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecrecy, the art of courts.
The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race!
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen.
The Britons, once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendents of the barb'rous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have molded them afreſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon;

You ſometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private uſe.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With * Hermes, ſon of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for ev'ry inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

* The LAMENTATION of GLUMDALCLITCH for the loſs of GRILDRIG †.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair:
No Britiſh Miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
She furl'd her ſampler, and hawl'd in her thread,
And ſtuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;

* *Mercury.*
† *See Gulliver's travels,* in vol. ii.

Yet lovely in her ſorrow ſtill appears:
Her locks diſhevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhow'r of rain.
In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouſe.
"Was it for this" (ſhe cry'd) "with daily care,
"Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar,
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait ſupply'd;
"Where twin'd the ſilver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monſters of the brook!
"Sure in that lake he dropt; my Grilly's drown'd!"—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"VAIN is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boaſt;
"But little creatures enterpriſe the moſt.
"Trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the kitten's paw,
"Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
"Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew:
"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"WHY did I truſt thee with that giddy youth?
"Who from a *page* can ever learn the truth?
"Vers'd in court tricks, that money-loving boy
"To ſome lord's daughter ſold the living toy,
"Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
"As children tear the wings of flies away.
"From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
"And never will return, or bring thee home.
"But who hath eyes to trace the paſſing wind?
"How then thy fairy footſteps can I find?
"Doſt thou bewilder'd wander all alone
"In the green thicket of a moſſy ſtone:
"Or, tumbled from the toadſtool's ſlipp'ry round,
"Perhaps all maim'd lie grov'ling on the ground?
"Doſt thou, imboſom'd in the lovely roſe,
"Or ſunk within the peach's down, repoſe?

" Within the king cup if thy limbs are ſpread,
" Or in the golden cowſlip's velvet head,
" O ſhew me, Flora, midſt thoſe ſweets, the flow'r
" Where ſleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!
" But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
" On little females, and on little loves;
" Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
" the baby play-things that adorn thy houſe,
" Doors, windows, chimneys, and the ſpacious rooms,
" Equal in ſize to cells of honey-combs;
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
" Thy bark a bean ſhell, and a ſtraw thine oar?
" Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
" Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
" Mimick the actions of a real man?
" No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
" As ſeamen at a capſtern anchors weigh?
" How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
" A diſh of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?
" How chaſe the mite that bore thy cheeſe away,
" And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She ſaid; but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking-trumpet's mellow noiſe:
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty ſkies.
O ſquander not thy grief! thoſe tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle ſhall preſerve the fiſh,
And Europe taſte thy ſorrows in a diſh.

* MARY GULLIVER to Captain LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr Sympson's in the country, Mrs Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing and tenderly complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—— What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou shouldst *cleave unto thy wife*:
Once *thou* didst cleave, and *I* could cleave for life.
Hear and relent! hark how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.
BIDDEL *, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain PENNEL * absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.

* Names of the sea-Captains mentioned in Gulliver's travels.

Yet Pennel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Mrs Biddel sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breath an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy *groom*.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the *sorrel mare*?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what daemon led,
Prefer'st thou *Lizer* to the marriage bed!
Some say the devil himself is in that *mare*:
If so, our *Dean* shall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, some think you are possest,
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!
That *straw*, that *straw* would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand, no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shiv'ring with the frost,
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours answer, *With the sorrel mare.*
At early morn I to the market haste,
(Studious in ev'ry thing to please thy taste):
A curious *fowl* and *sparagras* I chose,
(For I remember you were fond of those):
Three shillings cost the first, the last sev'n groats:
Sullen you turn from both, and call for *oats*.
Others bring goods and treasures to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:
My *only* token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.

'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to ſee
The *green* and *ſorrel mare* preferr'd to me!
THESE for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know;
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight in woe.
At ev'ry danger pants thy conſort's breaſt,
And gaping infants ſquawl to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble, when by thouſands bound
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When ſcaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
Each ſtep they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
Kings, Queen, and nation ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my huſband came!
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Thoſe *ſpectacles* ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentenc'd me.
WHEN folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſixpence. I'd have giv'n a thouſand pound.
Lord! when the *giant-bale* that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the *marrow-bone* I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe top by the *monkey* cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the *maiden's nipple* when you rid,
Pray heav'n, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her caſe:
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!
O may the King that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to ſet him free?
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame*
Teach me to woo thee by thy best lov'd name!
Whether the style of Grilling please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title sooth thine ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhum thro' the nose.
I'd call thee Houyhnhum, that high sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the fame.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endu'd with all the *virtues* of a *horse*.

* To Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-mountain.

A Lilliputian Ode.

IN amaze
Lost, I gaze;
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said,
Atlas head

Propt the ſkies ;
See ! and believe your eyes !
SEE him ſtride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods !
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and ſhake;
Armies quake :
Let his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed ;
Troops, take head !
Left and right,
Speed your flight !
Leſt an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.
TURN'D aſide
From his hide
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his noſe
Clouds he blows :
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks !
When he eats,
Famine threats !
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me ſtand ;
So ſhall I,
Lofty poet! touch the ſky.

* A gentle ECHO on WOMAN.

In the Doric Manner.

Shepherd,
ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly anſwer queſtions: ſhall I try?
Echo, *Try.*

Shepherd,
What muſt we do our paſſion to expreſs?
Echo, *Preſs.*

Shepherd,
How ſhall I pleaſe her who ne'er lov'd before?
Echo, *Before.*

Shepherd,
What moſt moves women, when we them addreſs?
Echo, *A dreſs.*

Shepherd,
Say, what can keep her chaſte, whom I adore?
Echo, *A door.*

Shepherd,
If muſic ſoften rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo, *Lyar.*

Shepherd,
Then teach me, Echo, how ſhall I come by her?
Echo, *Buy her.*

Shepherd,
When bought, no queſtion, I ſhall be her dear?
Echo, *Her deer.*

Shepherd,
But deer have horns; how muſt I keep her under?
Echo, *Keep her under.*

Shepherd,
How ſhall I hold her ne'er to part aſunder?
Echo, *A—ſe under.*

Shepherd,
But what can glad me when ſhe's laid on bier?
Echo, *Beer.*

Shepherd,
What muſt I do, when woman will be kind?
Echo, Be kind.

Shepherd.
What muſt I do, when woman will be croſs?
Echo, *Be croſs*

Shepherd.
Lord! what is ſhe that can ſo turn and wind?
Echo, *Wind*

Shepherd.
If ſhe be wind, what ſtills her when ſhe blows?
Echo, *Blows*

Shepherd.
But if ſhe bang again, ſtill ſhould I bang her?
Echo, *Bang her*

Shepherd.
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo, *Hang her*

Shepherd.
Thanks, gentle Echo, right thy anſwers tell,
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo, *Guard her well*

EPILOGUE to a PLAY for the benefit of the Weavers in Ireland, 1721.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to trade the ſtage?
When actors, who at beſt are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay,—let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, from his Grace * a hundred pound:
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day,———
The poet had no more who made the play.

BUT whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
They learn'd it not at ſermons, or at pray'rs.
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have ſome private ends.

* Dr William King, Archbiſhop of Dublin.

Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old *brocades*,
We'll dress in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *kings* and *gen'rals* at the Comb * :
We'll rig in Meath street Ægypt's haughty queen;
And Anthony shall court her in *rateen*.
In *blue shalloon* shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish *purple plad*.
In drugget dress'd, of thirteen pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolv'd the project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashions of the court.
Oh! could I see this audience clad in *stuff*.
Tho' money's scarce, we should have trade enough.
But *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the *weavers*, and us playhouse-kings:
But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.
And next observe how this alliance fits,
For *weavers* now are just as poor as *wits*:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a page;
But *weavers* will be kinder to the *play'rs*,
And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs:
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The *poet's* wit, than in the *player's* dressing.

* *A street in Dublin* famous for woollen manufactures.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies,
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wiſe*.
His *heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *carcaſe* in a *cheſt*;
The very *cheſt*, in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *money*, lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *ſelf* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

To STELLA, who collected and tranſcribed his poems.

Written in the year 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones;
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
THOU, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted love a gueſt.
IN all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,

Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt):
But his purſuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chuſes for a *friend*.
A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his miſtreſs and his muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his muſe, deſcending, drop
A ſlice of bread, and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surpriſe him with a pint of ſtout*;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
Or, ſhould a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bow'rs that hold thoſe nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddeſſes inroll'd
In Curl's collection †, new and old,

* *A cant word for ſtrong beer.*
† *See an account of Curl, in vol. viii.*

Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.
True poets can depress and raise,
Are lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we aspersе;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
And all the fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our pow'r*,
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Mævius, when he drain'd his scull
To celebrate some suburb-trull,
His similes in order set,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone thro' all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till time hath open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends;
Which manners, decency, and pride
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, tho' with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own, that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn.
So the ſun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquor ſours.
Thus *Ajax, when with* rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,

His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends, the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
STELLA, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
SAY, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

* STELLA to Dr SWIFT on his birth-day, Nov. 30. 1721 †.

ST Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,

† This poem ſhews the delicacy of Stella's taſte. It is the only remaining performance of that improved and lovely woman that I know of in the poetic ſtrain. It was given by Dr Swift to a lady of his acquaintance, who had a great eſteem for the virtues and accompliſhments of the amiable Stella, altho' ſhe never had the leaſt intimacy with her. The Doctor aſſured this lady that it was a piece entirely genuine from the hands of Stella, without any ſort of correction whatſoever. *Swift*——See *Bons mots de Stella*, in vol. iv.; and her character in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. i.

Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was miſplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Forſook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirti'th year of life
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her courſe of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How *ſoon a beauteous* mind repairs
The loſs of chang'd or falling hairs;

How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
The ſight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſleepy hill,
While Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cauſe,
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

The JOURNAL of a MODERN LAD

Written in 1728.

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal——
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?

Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon),
Becauſe, tho' ſore againſt her will,
She ſat all night up at Quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of headach and the ſpleen complains;
And then to cool her heated brains,

Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codill*!
"Depend upon't, I never will.
"But run to Tom, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to-night by ſix."
Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
He ſays, his buſineſs is to know
If you'll redeem the ſilver cup
He keeps in pawn?—"Why, ſhew him up."
Your dreſſing-plate he'll be content
To take, for int'reſt *cent. per cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath ſent this letter by her maid.
"Well, I remember what ſhe won;
"And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
"Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
"My huſband left to pay for coals:
"I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
"And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill ſucceſs repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She ſlipt *Spadillo* in her breaſt,
"Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
"There's Mrs Cut and ſhe combine,
"And to each other give the ſign."
Thro' ev'ry game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning-ale.

Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:

Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
Obſerve this pattern; there's a ſtuff;
I can have cuſtomers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard——
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a fan.

This bus'neſs of importance o'er,
And Madam almoſt dreſs'd by four,
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner ſtays.
She anſwers in her uſual ſtyle,
The cook muſt keep it back a while:
I never can have time to dreſs;
No woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick.
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
"My dear; for ſure, if I had known
"This company would come to-day——
"But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way;
"He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
"To tell when he invites his friends:
"I wiſh ye may but have enough."
And while with all this paltry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting ev'ry gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit!

BUT let me now a while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her ev'ning-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clam'rous crew,
Away the god of *Silence* flew,
And fair *Diſcretion* left the place,
And *Modeſty* with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude *Laughter* ſeeming like to burſt,
And *Malice* always judging worſt;
And *Vanity* with pocket-glaſs,
And *Impudence* with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd *Affectation* came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While *Ignorance*, with brain of lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

WHY ſhould I aſk of thee, my muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or, how ſhould I, alas, relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the gen'ral ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus ev'ry fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweet, perfumes
To cenſure Phillis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia ſneering ſays,
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Chloe, of ev'ry coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquets:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies;
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fiſhwives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:

The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election-ale.

NOR do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

BUT see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor Madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
"I'd lay my life he never went:
"Past six, and not a living soul!
"I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
"And feel my pulse, I know it stops:
"This head of mine, Lord, how it swims!
"And such a pain in all my limbs!"
Dear Madam, try to take a nap——
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go run, and light the ladies up:
"It must be one before we sup."

THE table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can sit up all night;

ever comes, I'm not within."——
le's the word, and ſo begin.

can the muſe her aid impart,
'd in all the terms of art?
armonious numbers put
eal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
perſtitious whims relate,
ll a female gameſter's pate?
gony of ſoul ſhe feels
a knave's inverted heels?
aws up card by card to find
ortune peeping from behind;
anting heart, and earneſt eyes,
e to ſee *Spadillo riſe*:
, alas! her hope is ſed;
aws an ace, and ſees it red.
ly counters never pays,
wns her ſnuff box, rings, and keys;
ith ſome new fancy ſtruck,
wenty charms to mend her luck.
morning, when the *parſon* came,
I ſhould not win a game.
odious chair, how came I ſtuck in't?
nk I never had good luck in't,
ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
d further, girl, or get you gone;
vays loſe when you look on."
Madam, you have loſt Codill:
ſaw you play ſo ill,
. Madam, give me leave to ſay
as you that threw the game away;
n Lady Trickſey play'd a four,
took it with a mattadore;

" I saw you touch your wedding ring
" Before my Lady call'd a king;
" You spoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Because you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, Madam, leave these little arts."
That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner understand
A mattadore is in her hand.
" Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
" I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
And truly, Madam, I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark;
I guess the hand; it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pare their nails.

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form;
And conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.

The time too precious now to waste,
And supper gobbled up in haste,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
Yet shall I not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
A frosty morn——past four o'clock.
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;
But firſt the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
UNLUCKY Madam, left in tears,
(Who now againſt Quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

The COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a ſummer ſpent at the houſe of GEORGE ROCHFORT, Eſq;

Wrtiten in the year 1723.

THALIA, tell in ſober lays,
How George, Nim, Dan. Dean paſs their days.
Begin, my muſe. Firſt from our bow'rs
We ſally forth at diff'rent hours;
At ſeven the Dean, in night-gown dreſt,
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes George, and ends our lectures;
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Hawls him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.
We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for ſpawn;
O'erſees the work, or Dragon * rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hoſe;

* My Lord Chief Baron's ſmaller boat.

Or——but proceed we in our journal——
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the lake's remoteſt end:
My Lord and Dean the fire forſake,
Dan leaves the earthly ſpade and rake:
The loit'rers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With church and king the Lady's gone;
(Not reck'ning half an hour we paſs
In talking o'er a mod'rate glaſs).
Dan, growing drowſy, like a thief
Steals off to doſe away his beef;
And this muſt paſs for reading Hammond——
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean ſet out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the ſun goes to the deep,
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he abed),
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhort'ning day,
We go to pray'rs, and then to play,
Till ſupper comes; and after that
We ſit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late—— the old and younger pairs,
By Adam * lighted, walk up ſtairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.

* The butler.

I might have mention'd ſev'ral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o er the Dragon,
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em:
How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, or lampoon the ſex:
Or how our neighbour lifts his noſe,
To tell what ev'ry ſchoolboy knows;
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
(But now there need no more be ſaid on't),
Shews all her ſecrets of houſekeeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.

But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron*;

* Mr Rochfort's father.

And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers, and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue *,
Thinks ev'ry ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
" Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
" Down the Black ſea, and up the Streights,
" And in a month he's at your gates;
" Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
" By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem. † and his wife——
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his *jordan*,
(My Lady ſays, ſhe can't afford one);
George is half ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem. gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvey:
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

* A Tory News writer.
† Mr Clement Barry.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and ſwain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford *Knight**,
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſat in counter view,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew.
Sing heav nly muſe! in ſweetly flowing ſtrain,
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

Der. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow thoſe ſtones betwixt:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part,
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

She. My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again; but oh!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

Der. No more that brier thy tender legs ſhall rake;
(I ſpare the thiſtle for Sir Arthur's † ſake).
Sharp as the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

She. Thy breeches torn behind ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear backſide:
Nor need I bluſh, altho' you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, whoſe great grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.
† Who is a great lover of Scotland.

Der. At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco plug;
A longer ha'-p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

She. In at the pantry door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt;
Dennis * was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

Der. When you ſaw Tady at long bullet's play,
You ſat and lous'd him all the ſun-ſhine day.
How could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his between your nails?

She. When you with Oonah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch thoſe naſty ſluts!
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

Der. If Oonah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide:
Her aunt's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

She. Dermot, I ſwear tho' Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and ev'ry louſe was gold,
Him on my lap you never more ſhould ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding-knife——and thee.

Der. Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee where Norah with the ſowins comes——
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

* Sir Arthur's butler.

MARY the COOK-MAID's Letter to Dr SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.
I am ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name:
Knave in your teeth, Mr Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean my maſter is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodneſs in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a perſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, called you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure, I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than *ſweet-heart*, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Tho' you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your wicked college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: a Chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs:

But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that s a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows, that I love to tell truth, and shame the devil.
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Teusday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking:
Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking),
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school———
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishclout to his tail.
And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget, she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master comes from pray'rs;
And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs:
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand:
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

A DIALOGUE between Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

Written in the year 1728.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But pr'ythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *prieſts* and *friars*——
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—— damn the liars.
M. The Tories are gone ev'ry man over
To our illuſtrious houſe of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then——
T. ——G—— damn the liars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aſide.*
T. Did not an able ſtateſman biſhop
This dang'rous horrid motion diſh-up
As Popiſh craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the Earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the *Pretender*,
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon.
M. Theſe brangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are ſtale, and worn as Troy-town ſtory.
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.

* *See Tim and the fables*, in vol. vii.

Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out at last;
Like Martin Marall, gaping on *,
Nor minding when the song is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you lifted under,
Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party thro' the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason;
Thy busy, never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd up front, thy state-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisp'rings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink),
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
That when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

* Sir Martin Marall is a character in one of Dryden's comedies. Sir Martin was to serenade his mistress; but as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himself, and do it for him, while he should thrum the instrument; but this ingenious project miscarried, by the knight's continuing his exercise when the music was at an end. *Hawkes.*

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own.
It should be yours: but d——— my blood,
I must pursue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of *glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories terror, scourge and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their *delight*;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a *puppet-show*:
Observe, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to spur their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,

Then ſudden draws it back again ;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain !
You ev'ry moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage :
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the Queen of Shebah's lap :
The Duke of Lorrain drew his ſword ;
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people in his jargon,
And ſold the King of Spain a bargain ;
St George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the *dragon* ;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks ;
In ev'ry action thruſts his noſe ;
The reaſon why, no mortal knows :
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could ;
While teaſing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd !
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare ;
Have no concern for Sabra's ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jeſt)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
THUS, Tim, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows ;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes :
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to ſtir up troubl'in ;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother-puppets out,

Run on in a perpetual round
To teaſe, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all ſerious matter,
Are grown the nuiſance of your *clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;
They would conſent, that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

BUT tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this coil what haſt thou got?
If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you'll be diſgrac'd at *court*.

T. Got? D—— my blood, *I frank my letters*,
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer——
Got? D—— me, why, I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores—— behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and commonweal,
And fret the Tories ſouls to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath,
And when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their maygame;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhould know
I am not to be treated ſo;

Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain!
You ev'ry moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him cla
Upon the Queen of Shebah's l
The Duke of Lorrain drew his
Punch roaring run, and run
Revil'd all people in his ja
And ſold the King of Spa
St George himſelf he pl d wounds,
And mounts aſtride upo
He gets a thouſand th
Yet cannot leave his cied?
In ev'ry action thro a plot,
The reaſon why, n ed me not?
In doleful ſcenes a lic,
Punch comes, l me for a *ſpy?*
There's not a your good advice
But what wo e caſe is nice!
While teaſ in renown,
How well his thankleſs town!
Who in t ch engaging parts
But pur ſchoolboy's hearts!
Have n their juſt reward,
Which *table guard.*
Provi thy voice, the *'prentice* drops
Be f ll deſtin'd at thy chops:
T Reps, and col'nel's air,
Th *picking fair.*
W ce——in mark of true affection,
P under my protection:
G good, 'tis not deny'd;
had been well apply'd.
bſerve my counſel (viz.)

'onger thus equip ye,
'tat *ephippia*;
'it you may see
'octor ——).
: may try;
y geometry.

ıid

:;
ıeek,
it a week,
. prepar'd to take
. *toupee* or *snake*.
ıs'd alike from top to toe,
which is which 'tis hard to know,
. hen first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gate;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile;
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;

Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dang'rous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro;
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber*:
Nor are we ſtudious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all human kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life,
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the riſe of cheeſe and oat-meal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
Or how by *almanacks* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long miſ-ſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myſelf entire to you;
G——d—— the Whigs, and Tories too.

* EPITAPH OF BY-WORDS.

HERE lies a *round* woman, who thought *mighty odd*,
Ev'ry word ſhe e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour;
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held *nature* more *clever*.
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other ſhe found better *fun:*
For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world ſhe deſpis'd ev'ry ſoul ſhe met here;
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *queer*.

EPIGRAM, on ſeeing a worthy prelate go out of church in the time of *divine ſervice* to wait on his Grace the D. of D——

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down;
When told the Lieutenant was juſt come to town,
His *ſtation* deſpiſing, unaw'd by the *place*,
He flies from his *God* to attend on his *Grace:*
To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,
Since *God* had no hand in his Lordſhip's *promotion*.

EPIGRAM from the French.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* Epi-

*EPITAPH on FRANCIS CHARTRES †.

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.

Nor was he more ſingular
In the undeviating *pravity* of his *manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
In *accumulating* WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY ſervice,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

† FR. CHARTRES was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual bawdyhouſe. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raiſed a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. This epitaph contains his character, very juſtly drawn by Dr Arbuthnot——This gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a year* eſtate in land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in money. *Pope.*

He was the only perſon of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS
When poſſeſs'd of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
And having daily deſerved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh indignant reader!
Think not his life uſeleſs to mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd † at his execrable deſigns,
To give to after ages
A conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the ſight of GOD,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula——cætera norunt*
Et Tagus et Ganges——forſan et Antipodes.

Applied to FRANCIS CHARTRES.

HERE Francis Chartres lies——be civil!
The reſt God knows——perhaps the devil.

*EPIGRAM.

PETER complains that God has given
To his poor babe a life ſo ſhort:
Conſider, Peter, he's in heaven;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

*ANOTHER.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you pleaſe, there's no body at home.

EPI-

† *See vol. iv. p. 7.*

* EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G——lies under ground
So there's an end of honeſt Jack.
So little juſtice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* EPIGRAM, on the toaſts of the Kit-kat club

Anno 1716.

WHENCE deathleſs *kit-kat* took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some ſay from *paſtry-cook* it came,
And ſome from *cat* and *fiddle*.
From no trim beaux its name it boaſts,
Grey ſtateſmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toaſts
Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

* To a LADY, with the *Temple of Fame*

WHAT's fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* VERSES to be placed under the picture of ENGLAND's ARCH-POET; containing a complete catalogue of his works.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read!
Who firſt ſung Arthur †, then ſung Alfred ‡;
Prais'd great Eliza ‖ in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!

† Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
‡ Heroic poems in twelve books.
‖ Heroic poems in folio, ten books.

Made William's virtues wipe the bare a——,
And hang'd up Marlb'rough in *arras* * :
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curse the *light* † ;
Maul'd human *wit* in one thick satire ‡ ;
Next, in three books, sunk human *nature* ‖,
Undid *creation* ** at a jerk,
And of *redemption* †† made damn'd work.
Then took his muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture:
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he *out-Sternholded*:
Made David ‡‡ seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought King Achish.
No mortal read his Solomon ‖‖,
But judg'd R'oboam his own son.
Moses *** he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
And Deborah as she Siserah;
Made ††† Jeremy full sore to cry,
And Job ‡‡‡ himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow?
Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah slay him?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siserah him?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot
To treat him like her sister Scot?

* Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.
† Hymn to the light.
‡ Satire against *wit*.
‖ Of the *nature* of man.
** *Creation*, a poem, in seven books.
†† The *Redeemer*, another heroic poem, in six books.
‡‡ Translation of all the *Psalms*.
‖‖ *Canticles* and *Ecclesiastes*.
*** Paraphrase of the canticles of Moses and Deborah, *&c.*
††† The *Lamentations*.
‡‡‡ The whole book of *Job*, a poem, in folio.

Shall William dub his better end *?
Or Marlb'rough ſerve him like a friend?
No, none of theſe—— heav'n ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt Job, thy *wife*.

Dr SWIFT to Mr POPE, while he wa writing the DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent ſtudies chuſe;
The *Dean* ſits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muſe.

Now backs of letters, tho' deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck,
All turns and motions tries:
Till in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a *poem* riſe:

Yet to the *Dean* his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is *cauſa ſine qua non.*

Thus, Pope †, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf divine

* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulde
† A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr Pope, in l letter to Dr Sheridan, in vol. iv. let. 127. p. 260.

Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The ſexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

* BOUNCE TO FOP.

An epiſtle from a dog at Twickenham to a dog at court.

TO thee, ſweet fop, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, tho' no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Tho' once my tail in wanton play
Now friſking this and then that way,
Chanc'd with a touch of juſt the tip
To hurt your lady-lap dog-ſhip:
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off!
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
FOP! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up *ſtrings* and *ſticks.*
We country-dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where e'er you come,
To fart and piſs about the room,
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you——ſnap!
The worſt that envy or that ſpite
E'er ſaid of me, is, I can bite;
That idle gypſies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to towze ſuch things as *flutter,*
To honeſt Bounce is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, tho' he brings me meat;
And, let me tell you, have a nose,
(Whatever stinking fops suppose),
That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
Can smell a plaister, or an issue.

Your pilf'ring lord with simple pride
May wear a pick-lock at his side;
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venis,
And motly, squinting Harlequinis *,
Shall lick no more their ladies br———,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing shore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons, and not one *fop!*

Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permission feed,
(Tho' some of J—— n's hungry breed):
But whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

* *Alii legunt* Harvequinis.

My eldeſt born reſides not far,
Where ſhines great Strafford's glitt'ring ſtar:
My ſecond (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates:
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of dogs!) in Cobham's walks:
One uſhers friends to Bathurſt's door;
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.

And O! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine (a bliſs too great for me!)
That two my talleſt ſons might grace,
Attending each with ſtately pace,
Iulus' ſide, as erſt Evander's †,
To keep off flatt'rers, ſpies, and panders,
To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcarce Lord Fannys from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend—— or two;
A treaſure which of royal kind
Few but himſelf deſerve to find.

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

* On the Counteſs of Burlington cutting Paper.

Pallas grew vap'riſh once and odd;
She would not do the leaſt right thing,
Either for goddeſs or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor ſing.

† Virg. Æn. 8.

Jove frown'd, and "Uſe" (he cry'd) "thoſe eyes
"So ſkilful, and thoſe hands ſo taper;
"Do ſomething exquiſite and wiſe"——
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning ſhame,
What does ſhe next, but bids on earth
Her Burlington do juſt the ſame?

Pallas, you give yourſelf ſtrange airs;
But ſure you'll find it hard to ſpoil
The ſenſe and taſte of one that bears
The name of Savile and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example ſhown,
How quickly all the ſex purſue!
See, Madam! ſee, the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you.

On a certain LADY at court.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon,
(Envy, be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour!
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And ſenſible ſoft melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then," (Envy ſays) "Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

To Dr DELANY, on the LIBELS wtitten againſt him.

———Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi. JUV.

Written in the year 1729.

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'ſcaping oft without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a canon's chops:
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame:
When firſt in print you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains.
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;
That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

THO' ſplendor gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,

Yet, *in yourself when smooth and round* *,
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How *Pain* they might from *Pleasure* part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus *Fame* and *Censure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods;
And sneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning-tea.

You say, the muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish *senate*'s praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;

* *In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*

Make all true patriots up to ſhoe boys
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys*;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the ſureſt men to riſe;
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendu'd,
Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob†:
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Than ſuffer men of parts to riſe;

* The Iriſh parliament ſat at the Blue-boys hoſpital, while the *new parliament-houſe* was building.
† *Sir Robert* Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

They croud about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *freethinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For tho' the muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you England's primate:
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;
If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
Of wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For afterbirth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the muſes hill,
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.

Dame Nature, as the learned know,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wolf the
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks:
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the muses fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

YET what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies:
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Shew me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poets nest;
What spunging-house in dread of jail
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin:
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd——Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?

Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd on Grub-ſtreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me, when dunces are ſatiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate*,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

ON DREAMS.

An imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

FOR, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

THE drouſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.

THE ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

THE ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.
Nor leſs Tom-t—d-man, of true ſtate-man mold,
Collects the city-filth in ſearch of gold.
ORPHANS around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.
THE kind phyſician grants the huſband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead mens ſhoes.
THE grave divine with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the ſly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.
THE hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
And Dick the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—e's face.

To STELLA viſiting me in my ſickneſs, October 1727.

PALLAS, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.
BUT, (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age),
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;

So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
Those num'rous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no diff'rence in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, leſt we ſhould for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at Picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his Lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own:
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind;
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,

Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
  Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (tho' late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt inſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate.
  She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd:
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
  Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, tho' her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet thro' ev'ry motion ſteals.

SAY, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to compleat it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride?
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With chearful face, and inward grief;
And, tho' by heav'n's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,
No cruel maſter could require
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught,
And ſo obligingly am caught:
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.
BEST pattern of true friends, beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life, it muſt endanger yours;

For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an houſe decay'd.

VERSES on the death of Dr SWIFT, occaſioned by reading the following maxim in ROCHFOUCAULT.

Dans l' adverſité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe, qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

In the adverſity of our beſt friends we always find ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

THIS maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
"In all diſtreſſes of our friends
"We firſt conſult our private ends;
"While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
"Points out ſome circumſtance, to pleaſe us."

IF this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.

WE all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our ſize.
Who would not at a crouded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let *me have the* higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.

If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the caſe is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.

Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation;
'Tis all on me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humʼrous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,

born to introduce,
and ſhew'd its uſe.
well as Pultney †, knows
ne repute for proſe;
drove me out of date;
miniſter of ſtate.
ortify'd my pride,
throw my pen aſide;
ents heav'n hath bleſs'd 'em,
ſon to deteſt 'em?
es, dear Fortune, ſend
never to my friend:
ndure the firſt;
nvy makes me burſt.
may ſerve by way of proem;
refore to our poem.
not remote, when I
urſe of nature die;
e, my ſpecial friends
d their private ends:
ardly underſtood,
y death can do them good,
inks, I hear them ſpeak:
Dean begins to break!
n, he drops apace!
d it in his face.
go in his head
ve him, till he's dead.
mory decays:
ot what he ſays;
his friends to mind;
ce where laſt he din'd;
ſtories o'er and o'er;
fifty times before.

† Aunt Bolingbroke.
Pultney Eſq; now Earl of Bath.

How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round:
There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;——
But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring.
They hug themselves, and reason thus;
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well.

Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
"And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretels I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

YET, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send?
What hearty pray'rs that I should mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

MY good companions, never fear;
For tho' you may mistake a year,
Tho' your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verify'd at last.

BEHOLD the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? he's just alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes——The Dean is dead.

BEFORE the passing-bell begun,
The news thro' half the town is run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all——but first he dy'd.

And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood.

Now Grubſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To *curſe* the *Dean*, or *bleſs* the *Drapier* †.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
For when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were ſound.
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead ‡.
And Lady Suffolk ‖ in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell ***
The *** ſo gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.

† The author imagines, that the ſcribblers of the prevailing p*rty, which he always oppoſed, will libel him after his death; but that others will remember him with gratitude, who conſider the ſervice he had done to Ireland, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, by utterly defeating the deſtructive project of Wood's half-pence, in five letters to the people of Ireland, at that time read univerſally, and convincing every reader. *Dub. edit.*—See the letters, in vol. iii.

‡ The Dean ſuppoſed himſelf to die in Ireland, where he was born.

‖ Mrs Howard, then Counteſs of Suffolk, and of the bed-chamber to the late Queen, profeſſed much friendſhip for the Dean. The Queen, then Princeſs, ſent a dozen times to the Dean, then in London, with her commands to attend her; which at laſt he did, by advice of all his friends. She often ſent for him afterwards, and always treated him very graciouſly. He taxed her with a preſent worth ten pounds, which ſhe promiſed before he ſhould return to Ireland; but on his taking leave, the medals were not ready. *Dub. edit.*

" He's dead, you say; *** rot;
" I'm glad the medals were forgot †.
" I promis'd him, I own; but when?
" I only was the *** then;
" But now as consort of the ***
" You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing.
Now Chartres ‡, at Sir Robert's || levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
(Cries Bob), I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will **!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead ††!

† The medals were to be sent to the Dean in four months; but——

‡ Col. Francis Chartres, tho' originally possessed of only a small paternal estate, amassed a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland. He had a way of insinuating himself into all ministers under every change, either as pimp, flatterer, or informer. He was tried at seventy for a rape, and came off by sacrificing a great part of his fortune. *Dub. edit.*—See his character by Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Pope, *above*, p. 214.

|| Sir Robert Walpole, then first minister of state, afterwards Earl of Orford. He treated the Dean, in 1726, with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's friends, chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him of Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him no great friend; for he defended Wood's project of halfpence, *&c.* for which the Dean would see him no more: and upon his next year's return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental meeting, made him a civil compliment; but the Dean never made him another visit.
Dub. edit.

** William Pulteney Esq; since Earl of Bath. From being Sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, he opposed his measures, and joined with Lord Bolingbroke to represent his conduct, in an excellent paper, called the *Craftsman*, which is still continued. *Dub. edit.*

†† Henry St John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of state to Queen Anne, of blessed memory. He was reckoned the most universal genius in Europe. Walpole dreading his abilities, treated him most injuriously, working with King George I. who forgot his promise of restoring the said Lord, upon the restless importunity of Walpole. *Dub. edit.*—See vol. iv. p. 6, 7.

Now Curl * his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber †.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters ‡;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

Sr John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug and cry,
"I'm sorry——but we all must die!"

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

* Curl hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country. His character in part may be found in Mr Pope's Dunciad. He published three volumes all charged on the Dean, who never wrote three pages of them. He hath used many of the Dean's friends in almost as vile a manner. *Dub. edit.*

† Three stupid verse-writers in London. The last, to the shame of the court, and the highest disgrace to wit and learning, was made Laureat. Moore, commonly called *Jemmy Moore*, son of Arthur Moore, whose father was jailor of Managham in Ireland. See the character of Jemmy Moore and Tibbalds [Theobald] in the Dunciad. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Curl was notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who were hanged at Tyburn. He was in custody of the house of Lords, for publishing or forging the letters of many peers; which made the Lords enter a resolution in their journal book, that no life or writings of any Lord should be published without the consent of the next heir at law, or licence from their house. Dub. edit.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.

My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps?)
"Then Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
"Six deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall.
"(I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
"Madam, your huſband will attend
"The fun'ral of ſo good a friend:
"No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
"My Lady Club will take it ill,
"If he ſhould fail her at Quadrille.
"He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart),
"But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
"His time was come; he ran his race;
"We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die!
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a diff'rent ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more miſt,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
Departed:—*and his works muſt follow*,
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'ſquire to Lintot * goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
"He dy'd a year ago." The ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane †:
"I ſent them with a load of books,
"Laſt Monday to the paſtry-cook's.
"To fancy they could live a year!
"I find you're but a ſtranger here.
"The Dean was famous in his time,
"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
"His way of writing now is paſt:
"The town has got a better taſte.
"I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
"But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
"Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
"Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
"This ode you never yet have ſeen
"By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
"Then here's a letter finely penn'd
"Againſt the *Craftſman* and his friend:
"It clearly ſhews that all reflection
"On miniſters is diſaffection.
"Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication ‡,
"And Mr Henley's || laſt oration.
"The hawkers have not got them yet:
"Your Honour pleaſe to have a ſet?

* Bernard Lintot, a bookſeller. See Pope's Dunciad and letters.

† A place in London where old books are ſold.

‡ Walpole had a ſet of party ſcribblers, who did nothing elſe but write in his defence. *Dub. edit.*

|| Henley is a clergyman, who wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the eſtabliſhed church, formed a new conventicle, which he calls *an oratory*. There, at ſet times, he delivered ſtrange ſpeeches compiled by *himſelf* and his aſſociates, who ſhare the profit with him. Every hearer

" HERE's Woolſton's * tracts, the twelfth edition;
" 'Tis read by ev'ry politician:
" The country-members when in town,
" To all their boroughs ſend them down;
" You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Thoſe maids of honour who can read,
" Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
" The rev'rend author's good intention
" Hath been rewarded with a penſion:
" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running *prieſt-raft* down:
" He ſhews, as ſure as GOD's in Gloc'ſter,
" That——was a grand impoſtor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
" The church had never ſuch a writer:
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre.

SUPPOSE me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the roſe.
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One quite indiff'rent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.

THE Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court.

hearer payeth a ſhilling each day for admittance. He is an abſolute dunce, but generally reputed crafy. *Dub. edit.*— He is commonly called *Orator Henley*, whoſe rapſodies burleſque religion, and diſgrace his country. *Hawkeſ.*

* Woolſton was a clergyman; but, for want of bread, did in ſeveral treatiſes, in the moſt blaſphemous manner, attempt to turn our Saviour and his miracles into ridicule. He was much careſſed by *many courtiers*, and by all the infidels; and his books were read *generally by the* court-ladies. *Dub. edit.*

Altho' ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave:
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

"Sir, I have heard another story;
"He was a most *confounded Tory*.
"And grew, or he is much bely'd,
"Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."

Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that wrote the *Drapier's letters!*——

"He should have left them for his *betters*;
"We had a hundred *abler men*,
"Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.——
"Say what you will about his *reading*,
"You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
"Who in his *satires*, running riot,
"Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
"Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
"*Court*, *city*, *camp*,——all one to him.——

"But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
"Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,
"Whose *counsels* aid the sov'reign pow'r
"To save the nation ev'ry hour?
"What *scenes* of evil he unravels
"In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*!
"Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
"But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!——

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.

No individual could reſent,
Where thouſands equally were meant:
His ſatire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that ſenſeleſs tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He ſpar'd a hump or crooked noſe,
Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux.
True genuine dulneſs mov'd his pity,
Unleſs it offered to be witty.
Thoſe who their ignorance confeſt,
He ne'er offended with a jeſt;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*.
If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke*?
His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower.
He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain:
—— Squires to market brought;
Who ſell their ſouls and—— for nought;
The—— go joyful back,
To—— the church, their tenants rack,
Go ſnacks with * * * * *
And keep the peace, to pick up fees:

In every job to have a ſhare,
A jail or t—np—e to repair;
And turn the—— for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.

He never thought an honour done him,
Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
So often ſeen careſſing Chartres.
He never courted men in ſtation,
Nor perſons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
Becauſe he fought for no man's aid.
Tho' truſted long in great affairs,
He gave himſelf no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:
And only choſe the wiſe and good;
No flatt'rers; no allies in blood;
But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's leſſon juſt;
In princes never put his truſt:
And, would you make him truly ſour,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
The I—ſh ſ—te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly ſtood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.

Two kingdoms *, juſt as faction led,
Had ſet a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To ſell him for ſix hundred pound.

Had he but ſpar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have roſe like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pity'd thoſe who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human kind:
Nor made a ſacrifice of thoſe
Who ſtill were true, to pleaſe his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitleſs hour †,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw miſchief by a faction brewing,
While they purſu'd each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere deſpair.

* In the year 1713, the late Queen was prevailed with by an addreſs from the houſe of Lords in England, to publiſh a proclamation, promiſing three hundred pounds to diſcover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public ſpirit of the Whigs*; and in Ireland, in the year 1724, the Lord Carteret, at his firſt coming into the government, was prevailed on to iſſue a proclamation, promiſing the like reward of three hundred pounds to any perſon who could diſcover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The Drapier's fourth letter*, &c. writ againſt that deſtructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland. But in neither kingdom was the Dean diſcovered. *Dub. edit.*——See vol. v. and vol. iii. p. 59.

† Queen Anne's miniſtry fell to variance from the firſt year after their miniſtry began. Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke the Secretary, were diſcontented with the Treaſurer Oxford, for his too much mildneſs to the Whig party. This quarrel grew higher every day until the Queen's death. The Dean, who was the only perſon that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impoſſible; and thereupon retired to the country about ten weeks before that fatal event. Upon which he returned to his deanry in Dublin; where, for many years, he was worried by the new people in power, and had hundreds of libels writ againſt him in England. *Dub. edit.*—See vol. iv. p. 22.

Ann, oh! how ſhort are human ſchemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St John's ſkill in ſtate-affairs,
What Ormond's *valour*, Oxford's cares,
To ſave their ſinking country lent,
Was all deſtroy'd by one event.
Too ſoon that precious life was ended *,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction ſtarts †,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By *ſolemn league and cov'nant bound*,
To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel:
Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
Corrupt the ſ—— te, rob the c——:
To ſacrifice old E—— d's glory,
And make her infamous in ſtory.
When ſuch a tempeſt ſhook the land,
How could unguarded virtue ſtand?

With horror, grief, deſpair, the Dean
Beheld the dire deſtructive ſcene:
His friends in exile, or the tower,
Himſelf within the frown of power ‡;
Purſu'd by baſe invenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S—— and fens ‖;
A ſervile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle moſt, when treated worſt.

* In the height of the quarrel between the miniſters, the Queen died. *Dub. edit.*

† Upon Queen Anne's death, the Whig faction was reſtored to power, which they exerciſed with the utmoſt rage and revenge; impeached and baniſhed the chief leaders of the church-party, and ſtripped all their adherents of what employments they had, &c. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Upon the Queen's death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin, at the deanry houſe. Numberleſs libels were writ againſt him in England as a Jacobite; he was inſulted in the ſtreet, and at night he was forced to be attended by his ſervants armed. *Dub. edit.*

‖ The land of S——and fens, is Ireland. Dub. edit.

By innocence and reſolution,
He bore continual perſecution;
While numbers to preferment roſe,
Whoſe merit was to be his foes.
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Againſt him lifting up their heels.

The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous deſtructive cheat *:
Taught fools their int'reſt how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To ſave that hapleſs land from ruin;
While they who at the ſteerage ſtood,
And reap'd the profit, ſought his blood.

To ſave them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of ſtate.
A wicked monſter on the bench †,
Whoſe fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian ‡;

* One Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper half-pence for Ireland, to the ſum of 108,000l. which in the conſequence muſt leave that kingdom without gold or ſilver. *Dub. edit.* — See the Drapier's letters, in vol. iii.

† One Whitſhed was then Chief Juſtice. He had ſome years before proſecuted a printer for a pamphlet writ by the Dean, to perſuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures [vol. iii. p. 3.]. Whitſhed ſent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a ſpecial verdict. He ſat as judge afterwards on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter [vol. iii. p. 59]: but the jury, againſt all he could ſay or ſwear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or thoſe who expected places. The Drapier was celebrated in many poems and pamphlets. His ſign was ſet up in moſt of the ſtreets of Dublin, (where many of them ſtill continue), and in ſeveral country-towns. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Scroggs was Chief Juſtice under King Charles II.: his judgment always varied in ſtate-trials, according to directions from court.

Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
Nor fear'd be God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But heav'n his innocence defends,
The grateful people ſtand his friends;
Not ſtrains of law, nor judges frown,
Nor topics brought to pleaſe the c———,
Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

In exile, with a ſteady heart *,
He ſpent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction ſway,
Remote from St John †, Pope, and Gay.

" Alas, poor *Dean!* his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope*.
" This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes*,
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled:——
" I ſay no more—— becauſe he's *dead*.———
" What *writings* has he left behind?
I hear they're of a diff'rent kind:
A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe——
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe:——

court. Treſſilian was a wicked judge, hanged above three hundred years ago. *Dub. edit.*

* In Ireland, which he had reaſon to call a place of exile; to which country nothing could have driven him, but the Queen's death, who had determined to fix him in England, in ſpite of the Ducheſs of Somerſet, *&c.* *Dub. edit.*

† Henry St John, Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke. *Dub. edit.*

" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
" To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes,
" To praiſe Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the *pretender* :——
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpight* :
" Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
" A *lie* at ev'ry *ſecond word*——
" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear :——
" But—— *not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*.——

He knew an hundred pleaſing ſtories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was chearful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.

As for his works in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To *pleaſe* and to *reform* mankind :
And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
The *world* muſt own it, to their *ſhame*,
The *praiſe* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a houſe for fools and mad ;
To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better *.
And, ſince you dread no farther *laſhes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes*.

To

* See above, p. 6.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW, who commanded the British forces in Spain *.

Written in the year 1706.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette A-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides thro' Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

* This noble Lord had made a most considerable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued series of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from most men. He had visited all climates, but resided in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expressions were peculiar to himself. He was of a vivacity superior to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger. He verified, in many instances, whatever has been said of romantic heroes. He seems to have been fixed only in his friendships and moral principles. He had a most true regard and affection for Swift and Pope. The Dean has here described him in a very particular manner, but so justly, that the four last stanzas will give the most perfect and complete idea of Lord Peterborow's person and military virtue. His wit in the letter, vol. iv. p. 204. is rich and unaffected. At the time when he wrote that letter, he had hung up his helmet and his buckler, and was retired to his plough and his wheelbarrow, wearied of courts, and disgusted with statesmen. *Orrery.*

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:
His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, tho' full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.
So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition.
Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:
Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

The FABLE of MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

* MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to *gold:*
He *chip'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in *golden cup:*

* The Dean, tho' he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his verſification. But it may be remarked, that verſes of eight ſyllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the *firſt*, and not repeated till the third *or fourth*. The firſt, fourth, and eight verſes are, among others, examples

His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals thro' a quill;
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old *hay* is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.

THIS *fool* had got a *lucky hit*;
And people fancy'd he had *wit*.
Two gods their ſkill in muſic try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide;
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:

examples of this rule; which will be illuſtrated by changing the ſtructure, ſo as to remove the accent from the *firſt* ſyllable to the *ſecond*. If inſtead of,

Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground,

the fourth verſe be read,

Like ſpangles glitter'd on the ground;

the ear will eaſily determine which ſhould be preferred. It is however true, that when the accent is placed on the *firſt* ſyllable, and repeated at the *ſecond*, the meaſure is not only harmonious, but acquires a peculiar force. The eleventh verſe is of this kind,

Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders;

which would be greatly enfeebled, by changing it to

It paſs'd untouch'd between his grinders;

tho' the cadence would ſtill be poetical, as the firſt accent would fall on the ſecond ſyllable. Hawkeſ.

The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

AND now the virtue of his *hands*
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

THIS tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader*;
To whom from Midas down deſcends
That virtue in the fingers ends.
What elſe by *perquiſites* are meant,
By *penſions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent.*
By *places* and *commiſſions* ſold,
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold*?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?

NONE e'er did modern Midas chuſe
Subject or patron of his muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* * for *bays*:
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for Pan is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the Greek.*

BESIDES, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *aſſes'* ears;

* *A cant word for* 100,000 l. *Dub. edit.*

Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Thro' any ears but of an *aſs*.

BUT *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing *foul* the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chymic* power.

WHILE he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *pop'lar tide*,
The *golden* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion*, there a *place*:
The *torrent* mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, *perquiſites*, and *bribes*;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em.
And Midas now neglected ſtands
With *aſſes' ears* and *dirty hands*.

The Rev. Dr SHERIDAN to Dr SWIFT.

Written in the year 1712.

DEAR Dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a *Bel-phagor*.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em:
I ſwear without jeſt I an honour intend them.
In a ſieve, Sir, their antient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.

This I told you before, do you know what I mean, Sir?
* *Not I, by my troth, Sir.*——Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double,
Is purely thro' pity to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt;
When your Pegaſus canter'd in triple, and rid faſt.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded;
While your fiery ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

Dean SWIFT's anſwer to the Reverend Dr SHERIDAN.

SIR,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no ſieve (for with that you begin),
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right;
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen *ſcorcher*.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid†, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your Worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this *rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11. 1712, *paſt* 12. *at noon.*

* The Dean's anſwer.
† Vir Gin, Man-Trap.

A LETTER to the Rev. Dr SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1718.

SIR,

WHATE'ER your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence.
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
Down in the Strand* juſt where the new pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus uſed, as Horace ſays,
To take his greateſt grandees for aſſes.
Poets, in thoſe days, uſed to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.

THUS you may ſee, dear friend, *ex pede* hence
My judgment of the old comedians.

PROCEED to tragics, firſt Euripides
(An author where I ſometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly cenſur'd by the Stagirite,
Who ſays his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in thoſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.
At leaſt, I'm well aſſur'd, that no folk lays
That weight on him, they do on Sophocles.
But above all I prefer Æſchylus,
Whoſe moving touches, when they pleaſe, kill us.

* *N. B.* The Strand in London. The laſt may be falſe, but the rhyme coſt me ſome trouble.

And now I find my muſe but ill able
To hold out longer in triſſyllable.
I choſe theſe rhymes out, for their difficulty:
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

The FAGGOT.

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's miniſters were quarrelling among themſelves *.

Obſerve the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain: the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel.
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treaſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards,
And others, who in ſolemn ſort
Appear with ſlender wands at court:
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But laſhing one another round:
While wiſe men think they ought to fight
With *quarter* ſtaves, inſtead of *white*;
Or conſtable, with *ſtaff* of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring ceaſe;

* See more of the author's endeavours to procure a reconcilement among them, in the letters to and from Dr Swift, in vol. iv. let. 6. 93.
See alſo Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs, in vol. ii.

Which now disturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the *Whigs* and rabble sport.

In history we never found,
The Consul's * *fasces* were unbound;
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The Prætor broke the Consul's head;
Or Consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the Prætor down?

Come, courtiers: every man his stick:
Lord Treasurer †, for once be quick;
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribband for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt ‡, bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch: or else that rascal Northey ||
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assur'd the court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er sticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy gen'ral's staff:
And, if the *crosier* could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden.
You'll then defy the strongest *Whig*
With both his hands to bend a twig.
Tho' with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

The

* *Fasces*, a bundle of rods or small sticks carried before the consuls at Rome.

† Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

‡ Lord Chancellor.

|| Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, brought in by Lord Harcourt, yet very desirous of the great seal.

The AUTHOR upon himself.

Written in the year 1713.

A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us by a friend of the author's.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * *

BY an old————————purs'd
A crazy prelate*, and a royal prude †;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book ‡.

SWIFT had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor shew'd the *parson* in his gait or face;
Despis'd luxurious wines, and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented Lords; *saw those that saw the Queen*;
At Child's or Truby's || never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,

* Dr Sharp, Archbishop of York.
† Her late Majesty Queen Anne.
‡ Archbishop Sharp, according to Swift's account, had represented him to the Queen as a person that was not a Christian; a great lady had supported the aspersion; and the Queen, upon such assurances, had given away the bishoprick contrary to her Majesty's first intentions, which were in favour of Dr Swift. Orrery.
|| *A coffeehouse and tavern near St Paul's, at that time much frequented by the clergy.*

And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dang'rous wit.

And now the public int'rest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not asham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St John * comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a Duke were passing by.

Now Finch † alarms the Lords: he hears for certain
This dang'rous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie ‡, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the secret's out:
"A certain doctor is observ'd of late
"To haunt a certain minister of state:
"From hence with half an eye we may discover
"The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."

York is from Lambeth sent to shew the Queen
A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen ‖;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.

* Then Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.
† The late Earl of Nottingham, who made a speech in the house of Lords against the author.
‡ They both spoke against the author in the house of Commons, altho' Aislabie professed much friendship for him.
‖ Tale of a Tub.

Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others hate;
He ſues for pardon *, and repents too late.

Now,——her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her——
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
Now thro' the realm a proclamation ſpread †,
To fix a price on his devoted head.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.

By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware ‡ again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe.
The Scottiſh nation, whom he durſt offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend ‖.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth require:
What could he more but decently retire ** ?

* His Grace was ſorry for what he had ſaid, and ſent a meſſage to the author to deſire his pardon.

† The proclamation was againſt the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public ſpirit of the Whigs*, againſt which the Scotch Lords complained. See it in vol. v.

‡ Delaware, then Lord Treaſurer of the houſehold, always careſſed the author at court; but, during the trial of the printers before the houſe of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his Lordſhip would not ſeem to know him.

‖ The Scotch Lords treated and viſited the author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyll, who would never be reconciled.

** *About ten weeks* before the Queen's death, I left the town *upon occaſion of that* incurable breach among the great men at court, *and went down to* Berkſhire. See vol. iv. p. 22.

In SICKNESS.

Written soon after the author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the Queen's death, October 1714.

'TIS true,—— then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern:
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my herse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick:
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

To the Earl of OXFORD, late Lord Treaſurer. Sent to him when he was in the Tower, before his trial.

Out of HORACE.

Written in the year 1716.

HOW bleſs'd is he who for his country dies,
Since death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back;
Tho' fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter fate will ſeize him from behind.

VIRTUE repuls'd, yet knows not to repine:
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine;
Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff* *, nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

VIRTUE, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die for meriting to live.

NEXT, faithful ſilence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be ev'ry ſecret barr'd:
He who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked heav'n involve the juſt?
And tho' the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

Ad

* A white *ſtaff* is the enſign of the Lord Treaſurer's office.

Ad amicum eruditum THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scripſit Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan muſarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quae melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula Pallas
Aſtitit; et dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Muſca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, *ſalutifer* orbi.
Aſt illi cauſas orant; his inſula viſa eſt
Divinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.

NATALIS te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
Conſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus Apollo
Naſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.

QUIN tu altè penituſque latentia ſemina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim ſub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpe puella
Sub cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.

TE dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
Peſſundat; nam ſæpe vides in ſtipite matrem.

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Averno:
Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga,
Cœlumque terraſque videt, noctemque profundam.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Written in the year 1720.

RIGHT truſty, and ſo forth,—we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For, firſt, I have often by chymiſts been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef*;
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon* lubbards
Lock up from my ſight, in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical croud:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.
This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom;
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:

* *Curmudgeon*, a word here uſed as an adjective, now ſignifies a ſordid niggardly fellow: but was perhaps in its original ſenſe of more extenſive import, being probably a corruption of *cœur mechant*, a wicked heart. *Hawkeſ.*

They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I, for your ſake, love better than any,
And of *my mere motion, and ſpecial good grace*,
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the *deanery*-houſe, and on the *north* glaſs,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can paſs.
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,
Did maliciouſly, falſely, and trait'rouſly write,
Whilſt Stella aforeſaid ſtood by with a light *.
My ſiſter has lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her courſe to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ſtill as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noonday,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey;
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endu'd
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with ſelonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never went:
That the letters appear'd reverſe thro' the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read ev'ry line,
And preſently gueſs'd the fancy was mine †.

* See verſes ſaid to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glaſs in one of his parlors, among the poſthumous pieces, in vol. vii.

† The mechaniſm of this poem is formed upon a miſtake which a very ſlight conſideration of the laws of viſion would have prevented. The whole depends upon Cynthia's reading in Stella's eyes the writing, which appeared inverted thro' the pane: but

Now you ſee, why his verſes ſo ſeldom are ſhown:
The reaſon is plain, they're none of his own;
And obſerve, while you live, that no man is by
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a thought, he'll certainly ſteal it,
And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten, but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the public ſhall ſee't, if I live till to-morrow.
Thro' the zodiac around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And reſolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt), to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus:
When that ſubtle companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with *old nick*),
And from my own ſtock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;
And you, like a cully, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo?

The writing was not inverted on that ſide of the glaſs at which Stella looked, *it muſt* neceſſarily be inverted in her eyes. Hawkeſ.

High treaſon by ſtatute! but here you object,
He only ſtole ſtints, but the verſe is correct;
Tho' the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd.
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.
Now, whereas the ſaid criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of ev'ry degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me;
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella juſt out of her prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſent her diſeaſes;
But will now be her friend, whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Tho' ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

An ELEGY on the much lamented death of Mr DEMAR, the famous rich uſurer, who died the ſixth of July 1720 *.

Written in the year 1720.

KNOW all men by theſe preſents, Death the tamer
By *mortgage* hath ſecur'd the *corpſe* of Demar:
Nor can *four hundred thouſand Sterling pound*
Redeem him from his *priſon* under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſs'd,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.

* This elegy was a ſubject ſtarted and partly executed in company, conſiſting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint; and Stella's were the 31ſt, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Hawkeſ.*

Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms;
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

WHERE-E'ER he went, he never ſaw his *betters*;
Lords, *knights*, and *'ſquires*, were all his humble debtors;
And under *hand* and *ſeal* the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

HE that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *int'reſt* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.

OH London tavern *! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *ſtence* when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.

OLD as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in ſpight
Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he ſaw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his laſt breath to ſink the lighter ſcale.
He who ſo long was *current*, 'twould be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be *cry'd down* ſince his *change*.

THE *ſexton* ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow:
Alas, the *ſexton* is thy *banker* now.
A diſmal *banker* muſt that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality* †.

* *A tavern in Dublin* where Demar kept his office.
† *See an epitaph* on this miſer, p. 182.

The Run upon the BANKERS.

Written in the year 1720.

I.

THE bold incroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one gen'ral ſweep
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which *breaking bankers* and the *banks*
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Becauſe 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in ſtate
Like *peers* have *levees* ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an antient tale;
The *birds* are met to ſtrip the *jays*.

VI.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch * ſings,
Make pinions for themſelves to fly:
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geeſe their *ſilver* plumes ſupply.

* Solomon.

VI.

No money left for ſquand'ring heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of Nero now is theirs,
That they *had never known their letters* *.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit ſqueezing *images of wax* †.

IX.

Conceive the whole inchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With pow'r no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

X.

So powerful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a leaſe
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a diſmal caſe,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* appears ‡.

* It is ſaid of Nero, that when he firſt came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of Seneca, being aſked to ſign a warrant for an execution, he wiſhed he could not write. *Hawkeſ.*

† Witches were fabled to torment the abſent, by roaſting or otherways ill treating their images in wax. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Theſe contracts were always ſuppoſed to be ſigned with *blood*. *Hawkeſ.*

Bleſs you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin,
By my hand *, you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin †.
Bring ſtraw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread
The winnowing ſheet:
To ſhow I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your ſneezing, *a yean* ‡.
Good Lord, what a ſight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midſt of their beer?
They riſe from their feaſt,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt
The length of their ſkeans ||.
What ſtabs and what cuts,
What clatt'ring of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts,
What baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak
Well harden'd in flame
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Luſk,
The caſtle of Slain,
And Carrick Drumruſk:

* An Iriſh oath.
† The name of an Iriſh woman.
‡ An Iriſh word for a woman.
|| Daggers, or ſhort ſwords.

The Earl of Kildare
And Moynalta, his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother†.
Aſk that of old *Madam*,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.
Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a——ſe.

A French gentleman dining with ſome company on a faſt-day, called for ſome bacon and eggs. The reſt were very angry, and reproved him for ſo hainous a ſin; whereupon he wrote the following lines *extempore*; which are here tranſlated.

PEut on croire avec bon ſens,
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'eſt un ſecret pour luy plaire?
En ſa gloire envelopé,
Songe t'il bien de nos ſoupé?

In ENGLISH.

WHO can believe with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence,
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

† It is the cuſtom in Ireland, to call nurſes foſter-mothers, their huſbands *foſter-fathers*, and their children foſter-brothers or *foſter-ſiſters*; and thus the pooreſt claim kindred to the richeſt.

An excellent new SONG on a seditious pamphlet *.

To the tune of Packington's pound.

Written in the year 1720.

BRocados and damasks, and tabbies, and gawses,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's lover.
Tho' a printer and dean
Seditiously mean
Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

II.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be cloth'd like a carcase would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To *inflame* both the nations do plainly conspire;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder;
And wool it is greasy and quickly takes fire.

* Dr Swift having wrote a treatise advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a prosecution was set on foot against Waters the printer thereof; which was carried on with so much violence, that the then Lord Chief Justice, one Whitshed, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to send them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict. *Dub. edit.* See vol. iii. p. 3.

Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the Dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy Engliſh ſilks for their wives, and their daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *Corum nobus* ſo oft has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen.
And, if ſwearing can do't, ſhall be ſwingingly maul'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will peach him, he'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

CARBERIÆ RUPES in comitatu Corgagenſi apud Hibernicos *.

Scripſit Jun. ann. Dom. 1723.

ECce ingens fragmen ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejeciſſe tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.

* *See above, p. 5.*

Sæpe etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exeſa è ſcopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſuperne.
Fornice ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum ſævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obſeſſæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens aſſueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.

Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et, aëra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

[We have added a tranſlation of the preceding poem for the benefit of our Engliſh readers. It is done by Mr W. Dunkin, M.A. for whom our ſuppoſed author hath expreſſed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, altho' unacquainted with him.]

Carbery Rocks in the county of Cork, Ireland.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; deſtitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops!
With hoarſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return the ſound:
The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves:

For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had ſcoop'd a vault into its nether ſides.
Now yields the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
Their headlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding ſurge.
Not louder noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To cruſh earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.

Oft too with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Preſent an orifice on either ſide,
A diſmal orifice from ſea to ſea
Extended, pervious to the god of day:
Uncouthly join'd the rocks ſtupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future ſtorm:
High on the cliff their neſts the *wood-queſts* make,
And ſea-calves ſtable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his ſullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep without controul,
Big with the blaſt, the raging billows roul;
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to ſhore.
The neighb'ring race, tho' wont to brave the ſhocks
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden ſweep,
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fiſher with deſponding eyes,
Tho' ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,

Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

Upon the HORRID PLOT discovered by HARLEQUIN, the Bishop of ROCHESTER's French dog *.

In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.

Written in the year 1723.

I Ask'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?
He answered, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;
And so a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.

Whig. But you must know, this dog was lame.

Tory. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame*:—proceed:
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the style.*

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
(I mean a *dog* without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

Tory. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean;
Whether cur Plunket, or whelp Skean,
An English, or an Irish hound;
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:

* See the proceedings in Parliament against Dr Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, State-trials, vol. 6.—He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishoprick, banished his native country, and died in France, Feb. 15. 1732.

For ev'ry ſtander-by was marking,
That all the noiſe they made was *barking*.
You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That *ev'ry dog muſt have his day*.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on't,
He'd either *make a hog or dog on't*;
And look'd, ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a diſh*.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll ſoon *return to his own vomit*.
Whig. Beſides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.
Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.
Whig. I prov'd my propoſition full;
But Jacobites are ſtrangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witneſs is a real *cur*,
A *dog* of ſpirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that's a name in ev'ry *plot*:
Reſolv'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
Tho' French by birth and education;
His correſpondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *tranſlated*:
His anſwers were exceeding pretty
Before the ſecret wiſe committee:
Confeſs'd as plain as he could bark:
Then with his fore-foot ſet his *mark*.
Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet*:
The matter now no longer ſticks;
For *ſtateſmen never want dog-tricks*.

But ſince it was a real cur,
And not a *dog* in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.
Whig. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turnſpit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And when we found the *dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
Tory. I own it was a dang'rous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logic*.
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A *dog* and Biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you begin to change the breed;
Your Biſhops all are *d—gs* indeed.

JOAN CUDGELS NED.

Written in the year 1723.

JOan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Beſs, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Beſs, give Will to Joan,
She dares not ſay her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Beſs to Ned,
And ev'ry day ſhe *combs his head*.

STELLA at WOOD-PARK.

A houſe of CHARLES FORD, Eſq; eight miles from Dublin.

——*Cuicunque nocere volebat*
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.

Written in the year 1723.

DON Carlos in a merry ſpite
Did Stella to his houſe invite:

He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and coſtly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price;
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits;
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of ven'ſon made her ſweat
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear Madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Thro' candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that every glaſs was fine.
At laſt grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown,
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town;
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To * Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin:
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the houſehold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingly †:
From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint and *God be thanked*:

* The river that runs thro' Dublin.
† *A lady.* The two ladies lodged together.

With *water* * fill'd he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a ſtronger *boat*.
A poſt ſo fill'd, on nature's laws intrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats on benches*.
And yet our *Boat*, how ſhall I reconcile it?
Was both a *boat*, and in one ſenſe a *pilot*.
With every *wind* he *ſail'd*, and well could *tack*:
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack* †.
He's gone, altho' his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope*.
BEHOLD the awful *bench* on which he ſat;
He was as *hard* and pon'drous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *ſand* was out, we find at laſt,
That death has *overſet* him with a *blaſt*.
Our *Boat* is now *ſail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our *Boat* ‡ hath practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimſtone* to fill up his *flaws*.
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *poſt* again.
The way is thus, and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks;
Fix them on high conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's || green;
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry, Look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the *pendent*.

THE

* It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.
† A cant word for a Jacobite.
‡ In hanging people as a judge.
|| Where the Dublin gallows ſtands.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat *within a coffin;*
Pray gentle-folks forbear your ſcoffing.
A Boat *a judge! yes; where's the blunder?*
A wooden *judge is no ſuch wonder.*
And in his robes you muſt agree,
No Boat *was better* deck'd *than he.*
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller,
In ſhort, he was an able ſculler.*

A receipt to reſtore STELLA's youth.

Written in the year 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhow'rs and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh;
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,

* *Query*, Whether the author meant ſcholar, and wilfully miſtook.

With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant†.
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca‡ down to graſe;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor ought of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of cuts,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices o'*quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of caſe:

† Jupiter is fabled to have ſtolen Europa in the ſhape of a bull. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Dr Sheridan's houſe, ſeven or eight miles from Dublin.

For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquires in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

WHITSHED'S MOTTO ON HIS COACH†.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the year 1724.

Libertas et natale ſolum:
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeſe their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and torn out Brod'rick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean),
To humble that vexatious Dean;

† The noted Chief Juſtice who twice proſecuted the Drapier, *and diſſolved the grand jury for not finding the bill againſt him. ice his letters, in vol. iii.*

And, ſixthly, for my ſoul to barter it †,
For fifty times its worth, to Carteret ‡.
Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum:
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

Sent by Dr DELANY to Dr SWIFT, in order to be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was deaf.

Written in the year 1724.

DEar Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Muſt I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
A friend that loves to ſee and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loſer by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That if you heard, you'd be no gainer.
For ſure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern;
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your buſineſs, Sir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When, by experience, one would do?
'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;

† (*i. e.*) Liberty to barter his ſoul. Hawkeſ.
‡ Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Becauſe, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t'other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir,
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your Rev'rence but to cut one leg off:
And you ſhall find by this advice,
The other will be ſtronger twice;
For ev'ry day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining:
So, when an eye hath loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other:
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two;
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother-limb *reacts*.

But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:
For tho' the place of either ear
Be diſtant as one head can bear;
Yet Galen moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*),
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There crept two auditory nerves,
Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck: and moving thro' there
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but to ſhorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,

To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard *phænomenon*.
'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, tho' both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good:
And as for hands, there have been those,
Who wanting both, have us'd their toes †;
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a friend who married a shrew.

Written in the year 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But when he saw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear.
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

WHY, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will), thy house is worse than hell:
Why, what a peal the jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.

† There was about this time a man shewed, who wrote with his foot. *Hawkes.*

Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and enſue it.*

Will went again to viſit Dick;
And ent'ring in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has dev'liſh whims;
Odſbuds, why don't you break her limbs?
If ſhe were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle ſticks:
Z——ds, I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:
I'd ſend her far enough away——
Dear Will; but what would people ſay?
Lord! I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out, ſhame.

Dick ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he ſaid it?
Can he who makes himſelf a ſlave,
Conſult his peace, or credit ſave?
Dick found it by his ill ſucceſs,
His quiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
She ſerv'd him at the uſual rate;
She ſtunn'd, and then ſhe broke his pate.
And what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
The pariſh jeer'd him to his face;
Thoſe men who wore the breeches leaſt,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool and beaſt.
At home he was purſu'd with noiſe;
Abroad was pelter'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with ſtones.

The 'prentices procur'd a riding †
To act his patience, and her chiding.
False patience and miſtaken pride!
There are ten thouſand Dicks beſide;
Slaves to their quiet and good name
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

[Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, uſed to entertain themſelves with writing riddles, and ſending them him and their other acquaintance: copies of which ran about, and ſome of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author at his leiſure-hours fell into the ſame amuſement; altho' it be ſaid, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or uſe. However, by the advice of ſome perſons, for whom the author had a great eſteem, and who were pleaſed to ſend the copies, the few following have been publiſhed, (which are allowed to be genuine); becauſe we are informed that ſeveral good judges have a taſte for ſuch kind of compoſitions.]

A RIDDLE.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white:
My perſon tall and ſlender waiſt,
On either ſide with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man eſpy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's ſide!
No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtripp'd me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:

† A riding, a humorous cavalcade ſtill practiſed in ſome parts of England, to ridicule a ſcolding wife and henpecked huſband. A woman beſtrides the horſe, and with a ladle chaſtiſes a man, who ſits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horſe's tail. *Hawkeſ.*

And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice, or his luſt.
From me no ſecret he can hide:
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.

Nay, man my maſter is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

ANOTHER.

II.

All-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.

How is the greateſt monarch bleſs'd,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dreſs'd!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The fav'rite meſſenger of Jove †,
And Lemnian god ‡ conſulting ſtrove
To make me glorious to the ſight
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

ANOTHER.

III.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But ſee *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almoſt *ſink* with my own *weight*.
At every *motion* undertook,
The vulgar all conſult my *look*.
I ſometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.

I am a courtier in my way,
For thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And ſome give out that I entice
To luſt, and luxury, and dice;
Who puniſhments on me inflict,
Becauſe they find their pockets pick'd.

BY riding *poſt* I loſe my health;
And only to get others wealth.

† Mercury. ‡ Vulcan.

ANOTHER.

IV.

BEcauſe I am by nature *blind*,
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid diſgrace
I let no creature ſee my *face*.
My *words* are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe*:
And yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
Or, if to *whiſper* I preſume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am *oppreſt*,
And my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt*.

THRO' me, tho' ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors ev'ry art inſtil.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taſter*?
Yet tho' I always have my will,
I'm but a mere *depender* ſtill:
An humble *hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.

IN me detractors ſeek to find
Two voices of a diff'rent kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cens'rers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too *cloſe* I hold my *purſe*.
But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not *charge* me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;

But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,
My *goings out*, and *comings in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win;
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle-way*.
I'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, am firſt a-bed;
Tho', if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime
Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

ANOTHER.

V.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown;
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's treſſes play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:

He gives; and, with a gen'rous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide;
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix.
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Mean time, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the sly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys, when he bestows thee.

ANOTHER.

VI.

THO' I, alas! a pris'ner be,
My trade is pris'ners to set free.
No slave his Lord's commands obeys
With such *insinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing*, *sharp*, and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In *scarlet* some, and some in *white*:
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* the *spirits* pass,
Distinctly seen as thro' a glass:
O'er *head* and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out:

And ſtill the more I ſhow my art,
The more they *open ev'ry heart.*
A greater chymiſt none than I,
Who, from *materials hard and dry*,
Have taught men to *extract* with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.

ALTHO' I'm oft *out of caſe*,
I'm not aſham'd to ſhow my *face*.
Tho' at the tables of the great
I near the ſide board take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand;
And often takes me by the *hand*.

I twice a-day a *hunting* go;
Nor ever fail to *ſeize my foe*;
And when I have him by the *pole*,
I drag him upwards from his *hole*,
Tho' ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can *break*, but ſcorn to *bend*.

ANOTHER.

The gulf of all human poſſeſſions.

Written in the year 1714.

VII.

COme hither and behold the fruits,
Vain man, of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!

THIS cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns;
Here lie depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch, we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors who their country ſold.

THIS gulf inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are ſeen.

NECESSITY, the tyrant's law,
All human race muſt hither draw;
All prompted by the ſame *deſire*,
The vig'rous youth, and aged ſire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble ſlave,
Phyſician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this ſhrine.
Some enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
And leave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
For while the baſhful ſylvan maid,
As half aſham'd, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt ſo *near her heart*;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profuſely pours her *off 'rings* here.

A treaſure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient ſage,
And millions of the preſent age.

IN at this gulf all off 'rings paſs,
And lie an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
Deucalion to reſtore mankind
Was bid to throw the ſtones *behind*;

So thoſe who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to *look another way*:
For few, a choſen few, muſt know
The myſteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave;
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*:
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms*, and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where thoſe mangled corpſes lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offſpring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreſt,
Each with a gold and purple veſt;
I ſaw them of their garments ſtript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting place at laſt.

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of *oppoſing winds*:
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws;

Why, at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
He feels at once both *north* and *ſouth*:
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Thro' *clifts* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *op'ning all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.

YET from this *mingled maſs* of things
In time a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies:
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

ANOTHER.

LOUISA to STREPHON.

Written in the year 1724.

VIII.

AH, Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of ev'ry kiſs complain;
Ah, is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which ev'ry happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.

On the ſame.

(*The judge ſpeaks*).

I'M not the grandſon of that aſs Quin *;
Nor can you prove it, Mr Paſquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice;
This, when my grandſire knew, they tell us he
In Chriſt-church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce*.

A SIMILE, on our want of SILVER, and the only way to remedy it.

Written in the year 1725.

AS when of old ſome ſorc'reſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight, thro' the darken'd air;
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon,
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.
Ten thouſand cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbals rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Diſplays her *ſilver* face again.
(Note here, that, in the chymic ſtyle,
The moon is *ſilver* all this while).
So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long-winded)

† An alderman.

When late a feminine magician *,
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious ſize †;
Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud, till all the nation hears;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conj'rers to the devil:
And when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

On WOOD the IRONMONGER.

Written in the year 1725.

SAlmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copperſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep.
Among a crew of royſt'ring fellows
Would ſit whole ev'nings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vap'ring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* two fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.

* *A great lady is* reported to have been bribed by Wood.
† *A patent to* William Wood, for coining halfpence.

Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch:
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to pray'rs, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling?
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.

THE moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adult'rate copper:
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts
Miſtook at firſt for thunderbolts;
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter,
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better),
Which lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD AN INSECT.

Written in the year 1725.

BY long obſervation I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kind to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a *wood-louſe*,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pee* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:

And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone *.

THE louſe of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her cheſt*.

THE next is an inſect we call a *wood-worm*,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her ſorm:
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch;
And chambermaids chriſten this worm a death-watch;
Becauſe, like a watch, it always cries *click:*
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick;
For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries *click*, when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.

SUCH a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretel,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
But now ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unleſs like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps*† in a cauldron of oil.

* He was in jail for debt.
† A cant word in Ireland for a counterfeit halfpenny.

Then chuſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a
faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the mag-
got ‡.

To QUILCA.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr SHERIDAN, in no very good repair, where the ſuppoſed author, and ſome of his friends, ſpent a ſummer in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimneys with ſcorn rejecting ſmoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedſteads broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah || toil,
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Thro' all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs *Want* in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, *Dirt*, and *Theft*, around her wait.

‡ See vol. iii. p. 143.
|| An Iriſh name.

HORACE, ode 14. book 1. paraphraſed, and inſcribed to IRELAND.

Written in the year 1725-6.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating iſle, toſs'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of ſlaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Altho' the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate, and veſſel under ſail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle.

1. UNhappy ſhip, thou art return'd in vain:
   New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again.
   Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
2. Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.
3. Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide
   Like faithful counſellors on either ſide.
4. Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
   The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
   To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
   Behold it cracks by yon rough eaſtern wind.
5. Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
   The waves impetuous enter at your keel.

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi*
   Fluctus.
2. ——*Fortiter occupa*
   Portum.
3. *Nudum remigio latus.*
4. ——*Malus celeri ſaucius Africo.*
5. —— *Ac ſine funibus*
   Vix durare carina
   Poſſint imperioſius
   Æquor?

Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke.

6. Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when ſome writer in a public cauſe
His pen to ſave a ſinking nation draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper ſail;
Till pow'r diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in pop'lar breath.

A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;

7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd heav'n relief expects.

8. 'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;
Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.

9. In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday-night:

6. *Non tibi ſunt integra lintea.*
7. *Non dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,*
Sylvæ filia nobilis.
9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus*

They on the bold brocades and ſatins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was inſlav'd.

10. DEAR veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt;
Nor change thy courſe with ev'ry ſudden guſt,
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.

11. WEARY and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate,
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore.
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

On reading DR YOUNG's ſatires called the UNIVERSAL PASSION, by which he means PRIDE.

Written in the year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you ſing,
Such god-like virtues in the King;
A miniſter* ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:
If he † who in the chair preſides,
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:

10. *Fidit; tu, niſi ventis*
Debes ludibrium, cave.
11. *Nuper ſolitum quæ mihi tædium,*
Nunc deſiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfuſa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

* Sir Robert Walpole. He was prime miniſter of ſtate to King George I. and II. for above twenty years. He was made a Knight of the Bath in May 1725, and a Knight of the Garter in May 1726; was created Earl of Orford in February 1742, and died March 18. 1745.

† Sir Spencer Compton, the Speaker of the houſe of Commons at that time. He was created Baron of Wilmington of Suſſex January 11. 1727, and Earl of Wilmington, May 14. 1730. He died *Firſt Commiſſioner* of the Treaſury, July 2. 1743.

If others whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in this glorious ſcheme:
If ev'ry peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt?
No falſehood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair *Juſtice* ſhines;
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines:
Now *Pride* and cruelty are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her throne.
For ſuch is good example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lies:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that *ad exemplum regis*,
Thro' all the realm his virtues run,
Rip'ning and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?

OR, take it in a diff'rent view,
I aſk, (if what you ſay be true),
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage;
If that ſame *univerſal paſſion*
With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation;
If Virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown;
If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe *claſſics* more than holy writ;
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,

And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate;
If law be ſuch a partial whore
To ſpare the rich and plague the poor:
If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curs'd?

THE DOG AND THIEF.

Written in the year 1726.

QUoth the thief to the dog, Let me into your door,
And I'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhould then be more villain than you're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.
Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread:
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.
The ſtockjobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you, the freeman, a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.
Said the freeman Your guinea to-night would be ſpent:
Your offers of bribery ceaſe;
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.
From London they come filly people to chuſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE to the GRUBSTREET VERSE-WRITERS.

Written in the year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers, dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte.

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing Pope;
And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an *envelope* †
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recal your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

On ſeeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS in INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE ſage who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confeſs'd;

† A blank cover.

His window ſcrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
  His breaſt again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
  The diamond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

II.

BY Satan taught, all conj'rers know
  Your miſtreſs in a glaſs to ſhow,
  And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verſes worſe than he,
  And thine I ſwear are ſuch.

ANOTHER.

III.

THat love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
  Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
  And the devil's a damnable poet.

ANOTHER.

IV.

THE church and the clergy here, no doubt,
  Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
  And empty both within.

A Pastoral Dialogue between Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill.*

Written June 1727, juſt after the news of the late King's death, to which time this note muſt alſo be referred.

Richmond-Lodge *is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the crown. It was uſually granted by the crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond† was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.*

Marble-Hill *is a houſe built by Mrs Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Counteſs of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide near Twickenham, where Mr Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge. Mr Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the* icehouſe. *Upon King George's death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following dialogue.*

* This piece contains ſome of the beſt and fineſt portraits of Dr Swift, in three or four different attitudes, that ever were drawn. In it we are alſo told, in his own ludicrous way, that he generally ſpunged a breakfaſt once a-week from the Princeſs of Wales, [the late Queen Caroline]; and, I believe, we may take his own word for it, that he frequently uſed

To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter. Swift.

† James Butler, Duke of Ormond, ſucceeded John Duke of Marlborough as Captain General in Q. Anne's reign. He fled from England, ſoon after the Queen's death in 1714; and retired to Avignon in France, where he died without iſſue in 1745. His corpſe was brought to England, and interred in Weſtminſter-abbey, May 22. 1746.

†IN ſpite of Pope, in ſpite of Gay,
And all that he or they can ſay,
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of Richmond-Lodge, and Marble-Hill.

LAST Friday night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

Marble-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, Right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:
You'll find it ſoon by woful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

Richmond-L. The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

Marble-H. My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound;
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe we dextrous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſter's *fall*.

† *This poem was carried to court, and read to the King and Queen.*

But we unlucky and unwiſe
Muſt *fall*, becauſe our maſters *riſe*.

Richmond-L. My maſter ſcarce a fortnight ſince
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he'll be poor as any *king*:
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

Marble-H. No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no —— wine;
My icehouſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichoaks no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

Richmond-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's to ſeek,
To ſponge a breakfaſt once a-week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.
We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the Queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *Rev'rence* and her *Highneſs* walking:
Whilſt Lady Charlotte*, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality.

Marble-H. Some South-ſea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte
To fit them to his vulgar taſte;
Chang'd for the worſe in ev'ry part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

Richmond-L. In my own Thames may I be drownd-
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd head: [ed,
Except her Majeſty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I ſhall be free from fears,
For he'll be Prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

Marble-H. Then let him come and take a nap
In ſummer on my verdant lap:
Prefer our *villa's*, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St James's;
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit:
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a-week I here expect;
To rattle Moody † for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tipling at the *dog* and *partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a-week to bruſh my gown.

* *The gardener.*

Richmond-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs——and ſo adieu.

Marble-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge, the ſame to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

Written in the year 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what diff'rent thoughts inſpire
In men, *poſſeſſion* and *deſire!*
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!

A moraliſt profoundly ſage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale.

Poſſeſſion, and *deſire* his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid, their courſe continu'd long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till envy, ſlander, ſloth, and doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right:
Thro' ſlipp'ry by roads dark and deep
They often climb, and often creep.

Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till ent'ring on a broad highway,
Where *power* and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:

No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.

Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road;
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Tho' ſtrong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tow'r of monſtrous height;
Where on the ſummit *Fortune* ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Deſire in rapture gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treach'rous goddeſs ſmile;
But as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulf profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.

Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumb'rous weight:
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

On CENSURE.

Written in the year 1727.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or how this evil can be born,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others who inferior fit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the pow'r to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lie:
Alas, they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are ſtrong.

YET whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune ſink,
By what they ſpeak, or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thouſand lies
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.

THE moſt effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

The Furniture of a Woman's Mind.

Written in the year 1727.

A Set of phraſes learn'd by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath ev'ry repartee in ſtore,
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endu'd,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing raillery in railling,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor makes a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning-tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In chuſing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dext'rouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing give one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r;
A bitter Whig, or Tory four;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggiſh cauſe,
Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes *! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be ſent to Mrs Harding †;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing:
Take notice, ſhe has my commiſſion
To add them in the next edition;
They may outſell a better thing:
So, holla boys; God ſave the King.

* *O yes!* a corruption of *oyez*, hear ye; a word uſed by criers.
† A Printer.

Clever TOM CLINCH going to be hanged.

Written in the year 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode ſtately thro' Holburn to die in his calling,
He ſtopt at the George for a bottle of ſack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
His waiſtcoat, and ſtockings, and breeches were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribband to tye't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And ſaid, Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man.
But as from the windows the ladies he ſpy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each ſide;
And when his laſt ſpeech the loud hawkers did cry,
He ſwore from his cart, it was all a damn'd lie.
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then ſaid, I muſt ſpeak to the people a little,
But I'll ſee you all damn'd before I will *whittle* †.
My honeſt friend Wild ‡, may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor ſlip this occaſion to follow your trade;
My conſcience is clear, and my ſpirits are calm,
And thus I go off without pray'r-book or pſalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hang like a hero, and never would flinch.

† A cant word for confeſſing at the gallows.
‡ Jonathan Wild, the noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving ſtolen goods.

On cutting down the old THORN at MARKET-HILL*.

Written in the year 1727.

AT Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many a hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came ev'ry village maid,
And on the bows her garland hung,
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from ſatyrs ſat and ſung.

Sir Archibald, † that val'rous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to liſten with delight,
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe fav'rite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord ‡.)

But Time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining tow'rds the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

* A village near the ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon, where the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit.

† Sir Archibald Acheſon, Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

Dame Nature when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The ſylvan pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chatt'ring with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouſe and warn the nymph within.

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trotted forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in ev'ry tree,
(If all be true that poets chant),
Condemn'd by fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care,
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murd'rer's ears;
And in a ſhrill revengeful tone
This prophecy he trembling hears.

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
"*Relentleſs Dean*, to miſchief born;

" My kindred oft thine hide ſhall gall,
" Thy gown and caſſock oft be torn.
" And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
" That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
" Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
" And wound her legs with ev'ry bri'r.
" Nor thou, Lord Arthur *, ſhalt eſcape:
" To thee I often call'd in vain,
" Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
" Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain.
" Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
" Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe:
" Since you could ſee me treated ſo,
" (An old retainer to your houſe),
" May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
" Was form'd this Machi'vellian plot,
" Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
" Then who will own thee for a Scot?
" Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
" Thro' all thy empire I foreſee,
" To tear thy hedges, join in leagues;
" Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.
" And thou the wretch ordain'd by fate,
" Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
" With hatchet blunter than thy pate
" To hack my hallow'd timber down,
" When thou ſuſpended high in air,
" Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree,
" (For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
" Then, bloody *caitif*, think on me."

† Sir Arthur Acheſon.

On the five LADIES at SOT'S-HOLE*, with the DOCTOR† at their head.

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

Sent as from an officer in the army.

Written in the year 1728.

FAir ladies, number five,
Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks.
While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole.
Alas! I never thought
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I'll hold a groat,
He'll put you in a ballad:
Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than Venus like an owl;
And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight-pack
Of witches met together,
With Belzebub in black.
It fills my heart with woe
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Should be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull divine.

* *An alehouſe in* Dublin famous for beef-ſteaks.
† *Dr Thomas Sheridan.*

Be by a parſon cheated!
  Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
  By captains and by majors.
See how corruption grows,
  While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaus,
  From pulpits chuſe gallants.
If we who wear our wigs
  With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
  Z——ds, who would be a rake?
Had I a heart to fight,
  I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
  I'gad I'd wear a gown.
Then leave him to his birch *,
  And at the Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
  I'll treat you with Burgunday.

ON BURNING A DULL POEM.

Written in the year 1729.

AN aſs's hoof alone can hold
  That pois'nous juice which kills by cold.
Methought when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head
Such frigid fuſtian could contain;
I mean the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept thro' ev'ry limb.

* He kept a ſchool.

In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When, who could think? tho' cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.

How could I more inhance its fame?
Tho' born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

A LIBEL on the Reverend Dr DELANY, and his Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.

To Dr DELANY, occaſioned by his epiſtle to his Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.

Written in the year 1729.

DEluded mortals, whom the *great*
Chuſe for companions *tête à tête*:
Who at their dinners *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *Lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *cann*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *preferment*'s road.

SUPPOSE my *Lord* and you alone,
Hint the leaſt int'reſt of your own;
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of buſ'neſs now:
Or mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your toaſt*.

Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.

For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When weary'd with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then ſhould you dare to aſk a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron*'s grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.

Thus Congreve ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague †, who claim'd the ſtation
To be Mecænas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, tho' they wanted ſhoes;
And crazy Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From *Pæan*'s fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter ſcene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And ſo might ev'ry *dunce* alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in Wales.

† Earl of Halifax.

Thus Gay, the *hare* * with many friends,
Twice ſeven long years the *court* attends:
Who under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth †:
Who paid his courtſhip with the croud
As far as *modeſt pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *uſher*'s place,
And leaves St James's in diſgrace‡.
Thus Addiſon || by lords careſs'd,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſs'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a *'ſquire*:
But wiſely left the *muſes* hill,
To bus'neſs ſhap'd the *poet*'s quill.
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the *courtier*'s trade,
And grown *a miniſter of ſtate*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whoſe gen'rous mind
Deteſting all the ſtateſmen kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the viſits of a queen.
A ſoul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By *ſages*, *prieſts*, or *poets* taught;
Whoſe filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian ſtory tells;
A genius for all ſtations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt talent* is his *wit*;
His heart too great, tho' fortune little,
To lick a *raſcal ſtatesman*'s ſpittle;

* See his fables.

† His Royal Highneſs William Duke of Cumberland, ſecond ſon of K. George II.

‡ For ſome account of this, ſee *Letters to and from* Dr Swift, in vol. *iv. let.* 27.

|| See a *criticiſm* on Swift's proſe works, prefixed to vol. 2.

Appealing to the nation's taſte,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive:
And ſits aloft on Pindus' head,
Deſpiſing *ſlaves* that *cringe* for bread.

True *politicians* only pay
For ſolid *work*, but not for *play*;
Nor ever chuſe to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *ſchools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *journymen*, than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You ſhew your ſkill in Grecian ſtory;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critic*, are ſo curious
To find a verſe in Virgil ſpurious;
But they can ſmoke the deep deſigns,
When Bolingbroke with Pultney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your wit;
To ſnuff the lights, and ſtir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *penſion*?
He overpays in condeſcenſion.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you we know
Could never condeſcend ſo low;
The *viceroy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durſt, be more your friend;
Nor will in *you* thoſe gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,

And place you in a better ſtation,
Altho' it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true—ſubmitting ſtill
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to *drain a beggar's purſe*;
He comes to tie our chains on faſter,
And ſhew us, England is our maſter:
Careſſing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *ſcraps?*
The offals of the *church* diſtreſt;
A hungry *vicarage* at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *poſt*,
With forty pounds a-year at moſt.

But here again you interpoſe;
Your fav'rite *Lord* is none of thoſe,
Who owe their virtues to their ſtations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;
His *learning*, tho' a *poet* ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Altho' to praiſe it Phillips writ.
I own he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter*'s claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *viceroy*, love the *man*.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
Muſt be a ſweetner by your trade,

Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part:
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *place*.

Since this reflection ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And to illuſtrate it, produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe.

" So, to deſtroy a guilty land,
" An *angel*† ſent by *heav'n's* command,
" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel *compaſſion* ſtill;
" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."

But I, in *politics* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *k*—and *miniſters* of *ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Tho' *flatt'ring knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *ſtatesman's* face:
Freſh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his Excellence*).

" So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
" From *hell* a *viceroy* devil aſcends;

† So when an angel by divine command.
Addiſon's Campaign.

" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Thro' *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes;
" And then at Belzebub's *black hall*,
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."

YOUR *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine;
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and k——s:
And *ſtatesmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as k——s are gods.

To JANUS, on NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

Written in the year 1729.

TWO-fac'd Janus, god of time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme:
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new year's-gift:
She has got but half a face;
Janus, ſince thou haſt a brace,
To my Lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.

GOD of time, if you be wiſe,
Look not with your future eyes:
What imports thy forward ſight?
Well, if you could loſe it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor iſle's † approaching ruin,
When thy retroſpection vaſt
Sees the glorious ages paſt?

HAPPY nation! were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind.

† *Ireland.*

Drown your morals, Madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back;
Give me time, when coming on:
Who regards him, when he's gone?
By the Dean tho' gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burnishes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.

DRAPIER'S-HILL*.

Written in the year 1729.

WE give the world to understand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land;
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound,
And from his endless hoarded store
To build a house five hundred more.
Sir Arthur † too shall have his will,
And call the mansion *Drapier's-hill*:
That when a nation, long inslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
When none the DRAPIER's praise shall sing;
His signs aloft no longer swing;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm call'd *Drumlack*, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-hill and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. Hawkes.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, from whom the purchase was made.

His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten *;
His famous LETTERS made waſte paper;
This hill may keep the name of DRAPIER:
In ſpite of envy flouriſh ſtill,
And DRAPIER's vie with COOPER's hill.

THE GRAND QUESTION debated:

Whether HAMILTON's BAWN † ſhould be turned into a BARRACK or a MALTHOUSE?

Written in the year 1729.

The *Preface* to the *Engliſh Edition.*

THE author of the following poem is ſaid to be Dr J. S. D. S. P. D. *who writ it, as well as ſeveral other copies of verſes of the like kind, by way of amuſement, in the family of an honourable gentlemen in the north of Ireland, where he ſpent a ſummer about two or three years ago.*

A certain very great perſon‡, then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as ſome ſay, the Lady, in whoſe houſe it was written; from whence, I know not by what accident, ſeveral other copies were tranſcribed, full of errors. As I have a great reſpect for the ſuppoſed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem; the publication whereof can do him leſs injury than printing any of thoſe incorrect ones which ran about in manuſcript, and would infallibly be ſoon in the preſs, if not thus prevented.

* Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the author, under the name of *M. B. Drapier.*

† A bawn was a place near the houſe, incloſed with mud or ſtone walls to keep the cattle from being ſtoln in the night. They are now little uſed.

‡ *John Lord Carteret*, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards *Earl of Granville* in right of his mother.

Some expreſſions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the ſeveral explanations in their proper places.

THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight * full of care,
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn †, whilſt it ſticks on my hand,
I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land;
But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
For a *barrack* ‡ or *malthouſe*, we now muſt conſider.

FIRST, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *malthouſe*.
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain;
A handſome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three diſhes a-day, and three hogſheads a-year:
With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor'd;
No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board:
And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine:
Nor ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſirloin.
If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I muſt be content,
Or join with the court in ev'ry debate;
And rather than that I would loſe my eſtate.

THUS ended the Knight: thus began his *meek* wife:
It *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life.
I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull *rum* ||.

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat it was written.
† A large old houſe, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheſon's ſeat.
‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in ſtrong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *barracks*.
|| A cant word in Ireland for a poor country-clergyman.

With *parſons* what lady can keep herſelf clean?
I'm all over dawb'd when I ſit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
The *Captain*, I'm ſure, will always come here;
I then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
That men of his coat ſhould be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themſelves airs.

THUS argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
The Knight his opinion reſolv'd to maintain.

BUT Hannah †, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
And could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,
As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſs'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why ſurely my maſter's poſſeſs'd,
Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine it will ſound!
I'd rather the Bawn were ſunk under ground.
But, Madam, I gueſs'd there would never come good,
When I ſaw him ſo often with Darby and Wood‡.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I ſaw a huge rat; O dear, how I ſcream'd!
And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill news.

DEAR Madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaſe,
You might have a *barrack* whenever you pleaſe:
And, Madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a huſband like him, I *parteſt*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no reſt;
And rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.

† My Lady's waiting-woman.
‡ Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

DEAR Madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't ſleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, tho' I'd never ſo fain.
I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the *Captain* betimes the next morning.

Now ſee when they meet how their honours behave:
Noble *Captain*, your ſervant—Sir Arthur, your ſlave;
You honour me much—the honour is mine,—
'Twas a ſad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
Pray how does my Lady?—my wife's at your ſervice.—
I think I have ſeen her picture by Jervis.—
Good morrow, good *Captain*,—I'll wait on you down—
You ſha'n't ſtir a foot—you'll think me a clown—
For all the world, *Captain*, not half an inch farther—
You muſt be obey'd—your ſervant, Sir Arthur;
My humble reſpects to my Lady unknown.—
I hope you will uſe my houſe as your own.

"Go bring me my ſmock, and leave off your prate,
"Thou haſt certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?—
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

NEXT day to be ſure the *Captain* will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum:
Now, Madam, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the *Captain* all dawb'd with gold lace:
O law! the ſweet gentleman! look in his face;

And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears
With ribbands in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the *Captain* cries,
STAND.
Your *Ladyship* lifts up the sash to be seen,
(For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a *queen*):
The *Captain*, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, Madam, mark that,
For a *Captain* of horse never takes off his hat;
Because he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle):
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt;)
Then he low'rs down the point and kisses the hilt.
Your *Ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The *Captain* salutes you with congee profound,
And your *Ladyship* curtsies half-way to the ground.

KIT, run to your master, and bid him come to us.
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, *Captain*, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year:
If I had expected so worthy a guest———
Lord, Madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest;
You *banter* me, Madam, the kingdom must grant—
You officers, *Captain*, are so complaisant.

"HIST, *hussy*, I think I hear some body coming—
No, Madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To ſhorten my tale, (for I hate a long ſtory),
The *Captain* at dinner appears in his glory;
The *Dean* and the *Doctor*‡ have humbled their pride,
For the *Captain*'s intreated to ſit by your ſide;
And, becauſe he's their betters, you carve for him firſt;
The *parſons* for envy are ready to burſt:
The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
To peep at the *Captain* in all his fine *clo'es*:
Dear Madam, be ſure he's a fine ſpoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:
"And, Madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
"You'll never want *parſons* as long as you live;
"I ne'er knew a *parſon* without a good noſe,
"But the devil's as welcome where-ever he goes:
"G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
"But, z—s, by their looks they never keep lent;
"Miſter *Curate*, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
"You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid;
"I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
"In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your band:
"(For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like a
"ninny,
"That the *Captain* ſuppos'd he was *curate* to Jenny):
"Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
"A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
"Obſerve how a *parſon* comes into a room,
"G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
"A *ſcholard*, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
"Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
"Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs ||, and
"ſtuff,
"By G—they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.

‡ Doctor Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.
|| *Ovids*, *Plutarchs*, *Homers*. See eſſay on modern education, in vol. vii. p. 197.

" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army's the only good ſchool in the nation;
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o'me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good
" o'me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in my
" life:
" So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a parſon, by G—.
" Now Madam, you'll think it a ſtrange thing to
" ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."

NEVER ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
So then you look'd ſcornful and ſnift at the Dean,
As who ſhould ſay, *Now, am I ſkinny and lean* †?
But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
And the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the hips.

THUS mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, *Will your Ladyſhip walk?*
Her *Ladyſhip* anſwers, *I'm juſt coming down*:
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Altho' it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, Huſſy, why ſure the *wench* is gone mad:
How could theſe *chimera*'s get into her brains?——
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the clergy.

† *Nick-names* for my Lady.

An excellent new BALLAD; or, The true ENGLISH DEAN † to be hanged for a RAPE.

Written in the year 1730.

I

OUR brethren of England, who love us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,
A bleſſing upon them! have ſent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true Engliſh Dean.
A holier prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Cheſter,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burſt into her chamber, and would have careſs'd her;
But ſhe valu'd her honour much more than her life.
She buſtled, and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
To a room full of gueſts, for fear of a rape.

III.

The Dean he purſu'd to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame;
They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down ſtairs.
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the *bagnio* he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whoré;
No ſcruple came on him his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.

† Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes.

He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good *clap*, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In ev'ry debauch, but committing a rape.

VI.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engliſh divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principles ſound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory ſhould live above ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape
For no other crime, but committing a rape?

VII.

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, *jure eccleſiæ*;
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye:
Then why ſhould the Dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If Fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet,
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's ſucceſſor),
To give thee *lawn ſleeves*, a *mitre* and *rotchet*,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer;
But I only behold thee in Atherton's* ſhape,
For *ſodomy* hang'd, as thou for a rape.

* A biſhop of Waterford, ſent from England a hundred years ago.

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave Col'nel Charters*,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore and ten?
To hang him all England would lend him their garters;
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape,
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd, that his whores were ſo willing:
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good ſhilling;
But here was to pay the dev'l and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a rape.

XI.

If maidens are raviſh'd, it is their own choice;
Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and ſtifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could raviſh 'em then;
Nor would there be need of a ſtrong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our ſtate dear England maintains,
For which all true Proteſtant hearts ſhould be glad;
She ſends us our biſhops, and judges, and deans;
And better would give us, if better ſhe had.
But, Lord, how the rabble will ſtarve and will gape,
When the good Engliſh Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

† See above p. 214.

THE LADY's DRESSING-ROOM.*

Written in the year 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it leſs in?)
By haughty Cælia ſpent in dreſſing;
The goddeſs from her chamber iſſues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiſſues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict ſurvey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

AND, firſt, a dirty ſmock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well beſmear'd,
Strephon, the rogue, diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry ſide:
In ſuch a caſe few words are beſt,
And Strephon bids us gueſs the reſt;
But ſwears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia ſweet and cleanly.

Now liſten, while he next produces
The various combs for various uſes;
Fill'd up with dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No bruſh could force a way betwixt;

* No charge has been more frequently brought againſt the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarſe indelicacy, of which this poem is always produced as an inſtance. Here then it is but juſtice to remark, that whenever he offends againſt delicacy, he teaches it; he ſtimulates the mind to ſenſibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as phyſicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourſe to a bliſter. And tho' it may reaſonably be ſuppoſed, that few Engliſh ladies leave ſuch a dreſſing room as Cælia's, yet many may have given ſufficient cauſe for reminding them, *that very ſoon* after deſire has been gratified, the utmoſt delicacy *becomes neceſſary* to prevent diſguſt. See a defence of this poem *in vol. IV. p. 318.* *Hawkeſ.*

A paſte of compoſition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't,
To ſmooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here allum-flower to ſtop the ſteams
Exhal'd from four unſav'ry ſtreams:
There night-gloves made of Tripſey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripſey when ſhe dy'd;
With puppy-water beauty's help,
Diſtill'd from Tripſey's darling whelp.
Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with waſhes, ſome with paſte;
Some with pomatums, paints, and ſlops,
And ointments good for ſcabby chaps.
Hard by a filthy baſon ſtands,
Foul'd with the ſcouring of her hands;
The baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcrapings from her teeth and gums,
A naſty compound of all hues,
For here ſhe ſpits and here ſhe ſpues.

But Oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd,
With dirt and ſweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye eſcapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o'er with ſnuff and ſnot.
The ſtockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the moiſture of her toes;
Or greaſy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia ſlept at leaſt a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.

The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Cælia's magnifying glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant:
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Cælia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt;
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner;
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go thro' *thick and thin*.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew;
He ſtill was comforted to find
That *hope* at laſt remain'd behind:
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the cheſt was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in ſearch of hope.

O! ne'er may ſuch a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber ſeen!
O! may ſhe better learn to keep
Thoſe *ſecrets of the hoary deep* †!

As mutton cutlets, *prime of meat* ‡,
Which, tho' with art you ſalt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roaſt them at the cleareſt fire;
If from *adown* ‖ the hopeful chops,
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To ſtinking ſmoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the fleſh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greaſy ſtench,
For which you curſe the careleſs wench:
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When *plumpt* into the reeking cheſt
Send up an excremental ſmell,
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a ſtink round ev'ry room.

Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;
Repeating in his am'rous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—."

But *Vengeance*, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſav'ry odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vitious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *contraſt*.

† Milton. ‡ Prima virorum.
‖ Vid. D—n D—'s works, and N. P—y's.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the *queen of love* refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
Statira's but ſome pocky queen.

When Cælia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout;
He ſoon will learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eye to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from *dung*.

THE POWER OF TIME†.

Written in the year 1730.

IF neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of *Time*'s deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales; if cities die,
And leſs'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows, why ſhould I repine?

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1730.

FRom diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:

† *Scarron hath* written a larger poem on the ſame ſubject.

Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſuff'rers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd here unite,
A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡;
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his Honour's guard,
The Dean to guard his Honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack ‖;
The Spaniard, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill,
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and *ſouth* are poſted centry;
While in his lordly caſtle fixt
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh! Fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.

PROUD Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
Of *their* two fames the world enough rings;
Where are *thy* ſervices and ſuff'rings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?

* The author.
† Col. Henry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain.
‡ Sir Arthur Acheſon.
‖ The Iriſh name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it *Draper's-hill*. Vide the poem ſo called, p. 342.

What if among the courtly tribe
You loſt a place and ſav'd a bribe?
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

COME, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right.
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount deſcend,
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
New-river-walk, with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my hoſt in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the baſon ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan ſhe wears;
Then left upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have pow'r to ſtir an inch:
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah ‖ place
Direct before her lady's face;
The ſhoes put on our faithful portreſs
Admits us in to ſtorm the fortreſs;

‖ *My Lady's* waiting maid.

While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume in golden chains,
Or like a cat with walnuts ſhod,
Stumbling at ev'ry ſtep ſhe trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's iſle,
To catch a monkey by a wile
The mimic animal amuſe;
They place before him gloves and ſhoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to friſk or climb he tries;
The huntſmen ſeize the grinning prize.

But let us on our firſt aſſault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis* you muſt fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon †:
Then if we once can ſeize the key
And cheſt, that keeps my Lady's tea,
They muſt ſurrender at diſcretion:
And ſoon as we have gain'd poſſeſſion,
We'll act as other conq'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me ſee) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But muſt not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer ‡ to wear his hat;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs Leſlie;
But leſt it might not be ſo proper,
That her own maid ſhould overtop her;
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our int'reſt to get rid of her:

* The butler. † The houſekeeper. ‡ The agent.

And when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TRAULUS.

A dialogue between Tom and Robin.

The firſt part.

Written in the year 1730.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bell'wing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry *scribler*,
Papiſt, and *Jacobite*, and *lib'ler*?
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crackt.

Tom. What miſchief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's fav'rite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of *Drapier*?

Robin. Why, Tom, I think the caſe is plain,
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.

Tom. Such friendſhip never man profeſs'd,
The Dean was never ſo careſs'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurſt,
Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

Robin. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.

Tom. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And tho' perhaps among the rout,
He wildly flings his filth about;
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide, like mad Ulyſſes:
While Traulus all his ordure ſcatters,
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come theſe inconſiſtent fits?

Robin. Why, Tom, the man has loſt his wits.

Tom. Agreed: and yet when Towzer ſnaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps;
Hangs down his head and trops his tail,
To ſay he's mad, will not avail:
The neighbours all cry, *Shoot him dead,*
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head.
So Traulus when he firſt harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without diſpute,
Towzer's the leſs offenſive brute.

Robin. Tom, you miſtake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will ſeldom bite;
And tho' you hear him ſtut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as faſt as he can utter.
He prates in ſpite of all impediment,
While none believes, that what he ſaid he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
Begs leave to rail, but d——n his blood,
He only meant it for your good:
His friendſhip was exactly tim'd,
He ſhot before your foes were prim'd,

By this contrivance, Mr Dean,
By G——— I'll bring you off as clean———‡
Then let him uſe you e'er ſo rough,
'Twas all for love, and that's enough.
But tho' he ſputter thro' a ſeſſion,
It never makes the leaſt impreſſion:
Whate'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
Tom. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own, his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all. But he's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide;
Directing ev'ry vice we find
In ſcripture to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion.*
Of *brethren* he's a *falſe accuſer*;
A ſland'rer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or grant him but a drone at beſt,
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean hath felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dang'rous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.

‡ This is the uſual excuſe of Traulus, when he abuſes you to others without provocation.

His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with man?*
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves,
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS.

The ſecond part.

Written in the year 1730.

'TRaulus of amphibious breed,
Motly fruit of mungrel ſeed;
By the *dam* from lordlings ſprung,
By the *ſire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on ev'ry vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with falſehood, ſpleen, and pride;
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;
Judgment weak, and paſſion ſtrong,
Always various, always wrong:
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;

Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wiſhes it were all unſaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father*'s ſcoundrel race.
Who could give the looby ſuch airs?
Were they *maſons*, were they *butchers*?
Herald, lend the muſe an anſwer
From his *atavus* and grandſire:
This was dex'trous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greaſy clumſy mien
In his dreſs and figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid ſoul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild ſuſpicious peep,
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſheep;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and ſmile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*:
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd
Borrow'd from the maſon's ſide:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the ſtate to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old *foundation*.
True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Could he learn to *mount a ladder*.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!

In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of *hell*?

To Betty the Grizette.

Written in the year 1730.

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms ev'ry ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard;
And, thy freckled neck diſplaid,
Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Chriſtian folks;
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing,
Picking wit among collegions,
In the playhouſe upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raill'ry:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
To be ſcurrilous and rude;

When you partly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and ſhout:
This among Hibernian aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE†.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the year 1730.

DEath went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto obſerving ſince the peace,
The burial-article decreaſe;
And vex'd to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry:
Vow'd he no longer could ſupport
Old bachelors about his court:
The int'reſt of his realm had need
That Death ſhould get a num'rous breed;
Young *deathlings*, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.
A conſult of coquets below
Was call'd to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megara takes
A *periwig of twiſted* ſnakes;

† *See an anecdote* relating to this lady, above, p. 4.

Which in the niceſt faſhion curl'd.
(Like *toupets* * of this upper world),
With flow'r of ſulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on her ſhoulders fell,
An adder of the ſable kind,
In line direct, hang down behind.
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpſe and all.
But loath his perſon to expoſe
Bare, like a carcaſe pick'd by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment caſe.
No new flux'd rake ſhew'd fairer ſkin;
Nor Phillis after lying in.
With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops:
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.

Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But Death had bus'neſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *Majeſty of terrors* came,
Fine as a col'nel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſat at cards.

* The periwigs now in faſhion are ſo called.

She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counter part of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;
Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain*;
Nothing, ſhe thought, could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Chloe were a ſharper ſtill
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books);
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:
How pleaſant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:

For when, by chance, the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my lady in the ſuds.

On STEPHEN DUCK, the THRESHER, and favourite POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1730.

THE threſher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
The proverb ſays, *No fence againſt a flail.*
From *threſhing* corn he turns to *threſh* his brains;
For which her *Majeſty* allows him *grains.*
Tho' 'tis confeſs'd, that thoſe who ever ſaw
His poems, think them all not worth a *ſtraw!*
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threſhing *ſtubble!*
Thy toil is leſſen'd, and thy profits double.

A PANEGYRIC on the DEAN, in the perſon of a LADY in the north†.

Written in the year 1730.

RESolv'd my gratitude to ſhow,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our ſex's name,
My artleſs muſe ſhall ſing your fame.

† The Lady of Sir Arthur Acheſon.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the Dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft, ſo highly prais'd!
Transform'd, by your convincing tongue,
To witty, beautiful, and young.
I hope to quit that awkward ſhame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence;
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhew my face with ſcornful air,
Let others match it, if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly daigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his muſe.
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe,

My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know:
And, ſee, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
A panegyric on Dean Swift;
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
By Lady Anne of Market-hill ‡.

I thus begin: My grateful muſe
Salutes the Dean in diff'rent views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
Robert and Darby's || coadjutor:

‡ A village near Sir Arthur Acheſon's houſe, where the author paſſed two ſummers.

|| The names of two overſeers.

And as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit *.

In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *flattern*;
Nor dares he, tho' he were a Duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.

Proceed we to your preaching † next;
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!
How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighb'ring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera ‡ not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known by paſſion ſtir'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word:
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch ev'ry ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtile ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.

* My Lady's footman.
† The author preached but once while he was there.
‡ A play written by Mr Gay.

But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St Patrick's Dean;
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neighb'ring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs, and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!

Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene;
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of *butler*'s * mate:
You next to Dennis † bear the ſway:
To you we often truſt the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart;
What pints may beſt for bottles paſs,
Juſt to give ev'ry man his glaſs;
When proper to produce the beſt;
And what may ſerve a common gueſt.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to ſteal your maſter's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* ſerving-men;
But that is with a good deſign,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your maſter's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.

Your uſher's ‡ poſt muſt next be handled:
How bleſs'd am I by ſuch a man led!

* *He ſometimes uſed to direct the butler.*
† *The butler.*
‡ *He ſometimes uſed to walk with the Lady.*

Under whoſe wiſe and careful guardſhip
I now deſpiſe fatigue and hardſhip:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Tho' daggled round, I ſcorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damſels learn
My broken hoſe to patch and darn.

Now as a jeſter I accoſt you;
Which never yet one friend has loſt you.
You judge ſo nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to ſpare.
By long experience grown ſo wiſe,
Of ev'ry taſte to know the ſize,
There's none ſo ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you ſpeak*.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot, or his Grace;
With Teague o'Murphy, or an Earl,
A Ducheſs or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſeveral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can ſmoke,
And Gahagan † take ev'ry joke.

I now become your humble ſuitor
To let me praiſe you as my tutor‡.
Poor I, a ſavage bred and born,
By you inſtructed ev'ry morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learn'd to ſpell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurpriſe me at my book!
And, ſure as they're alive, at night,
As ſoon as gone, will ſhow their ſpight:

* The neighbouring ladies were no great underſtanders of raillery.
† The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill. See the poem, above, p. 330.
‡ In bad weather the author uſed to direct my Lady in her reading.

Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty Dean!
She's grown ſo nice, and ſo *penurious*†,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could ſhe ſit the live-long day,
Yet never aſk us once to play?

But I admire your patience moſt,
That when I'm duller than a poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are ſo indulgent, and ſo mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could ſpend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.
And to a genius ſo extenſive,
No work is grievous or offenſive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient ſtyes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought,
To baniſh rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,
To keep our poultry ſweet and clean;
To ſweep the manſion-houſe they dwell in,
And cure the rank unſav'ry ſmelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter ‡ never man made.
Let others, with fanatic face,
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;
From *tubs* their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter:
Thy *milk* ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.

† Ignorant ladies often miſtake the word *penurious* for *nice* and *dainty*.

‡ A way of making butter for breakfaſt, by filling a boule with cream, and ſhaking it till the butter comes.

The Bishop with his *foot* may burn it*,
But with his *hand* the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part;
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your Rev'rence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less),
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which in its jumblings round the scull
Dilates, and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst:
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks,
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:

* It is a common saying, when the milk burns, That the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of hell. See a satire on the Irish bishops, in vol. viii. said to have been first printed in Pog's journal. Hawkes.

Here gentle goddeſs Cloacine
Receives all off'rings at her ſhrine.
In ſep'rate cells the he's and ſhe's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees*:
For 'tis profane when ſexes mingle;
And ev'ry nymph muſt enter ſingle;
And when ſhe feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *rev'rence* and devotion.
The baſhful maid, to hide her bluſh,
Shall creep no more behind a buſh;
Here unobſerv'd ſhe boldly goes,
As who ſhould ſay, to *pluck a roſe*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd ſcene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your ſtation,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own, or Smedley's † lay,
Or billetdoux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praiſe,
I ſigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddeſs Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone,
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe to thee aſſign'd
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd:

† *See his character below, p. 381.*

And here the daily vot'ries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam:
(Tho' sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink):
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flow'r obtersive grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue!
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *Gluttony* with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With wat'ry chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soops and fricassees;
And for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell;
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling *Sloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:

Pale *Dropſy* with a ſallow face,
Her belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:
And lordly *Gout* wrapt up in fur:
And wheezing *Aſthma*, loath to ſtir.
Voluptuous *Eaſe*, the child of *Wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth;
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſav'ry vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.
Ah! who in our degen'rate days,
As nature prompts, his off'ring pays?
Here nature never diff'rence made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.

Ye great ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will ye place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches ſide?
* When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up off'rings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty Ducheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box.

Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains†,
Whoſe off'rings plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers banks;
Nor ſeldom grace the flow'ry downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow‡,

* Vide Virgil and Lucretius.
† The north of Ireland.
‡ Virg. lib. 6.

Hither by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft I tread;
Here when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:
Nor will the zealous Hannah * pout
To waſh thy injur'd off'rings out.

But ſtop, ambitious muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus † in a midnight-dream‡
Accoſting, ſaid, *Go ſhake your cream*‖.
Be humbly minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the *guile*††:
With Peggy Dixon ‡‡ thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly-ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth and pair thy nails:
And nicely carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye;
And ev'ry gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate except your own.

* My Lady's woman.
† *Cynthius aurem vellit.* Hor.
‡ *Cum ſomnia vera.* Idem.
‖ In the bottle to make butter.
†† *Guile*, the quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.
‡‡ Mrs Dixon the houſekeeper.

Be these thy arts *; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right:
And Smedley †, flow'r of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

CASSINUS and PETER.

A tragical ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

TWO college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other *Peter*).
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while and warm his nose.
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy flocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown;
A rug; for nightgown he had none.

* *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* Virg.

† A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited parson, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for *his wit.*

His jordan ſtood in manner ſitting
Between his legs to ſpue or ſpit in.
His ancient pipe in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd lay by his ſide.

HIM thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd:
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd to drink it hot.

Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doze thy pate;
What makes thee lie a bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in ev'ry buſh:
And I have heard thee oft ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heav'n ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?

THEN gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke to cure the dumps.

THE ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, "Cælia!" thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.

DEAR Caſſy, tho' to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is Cælia dead?

How happy I, were that the worſt?
But I was fated to be curſt.

COME, tell us, has ſhe plaid the whore?

OH Peter, would it were no more!

WHY, plague confound her ſandy locks:
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.

O Peter! beauty's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:

But Cælia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

WHY, hang her; tho' ſhe ſeem'd ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.

FRIEND Peter, this I could excuſe;
For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But Oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime, that ſhocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face;
Advice in vain you would apply——
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after times:
"Here Caſſy lies, by Cælia ſlain,
"And dying never told his pain."

VAIN empty world, farewel. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there——behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beck'ning to waſt me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come,——Meduſa! ſee,
Her ſerpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh fry:
Avant †—ye cannot ſay 'tis I.

† See Macbeth.

Dear Caſſy, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now by friendſhip's ſacred laws
I here conjure thee, tell the cauſe;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly ſhare thy fate.
To force it out my heart muſt rend;
Yet when conjur'd by ſuch a friend——
Think, Peter, how my ſoul is rackt!
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear, ſince out it muſt;
But when thou ſeeſt me laid in duſt,
The ſecret thou ſhalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin ſoul bemoan
A crime to all her ſex unknown!);
Nor whiſper to the tattling reeds
The blackeſt of all female deeds:
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo ſits, and liſt'ning mocks;
Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale
Thro' Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
Diſcover Cælia's foul diſgrace.
But if you fail, my ſpectre dread
Attending nightly round your bed:
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my ſecret, and adieu.

Nor wonder how I loſt my wits;
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh——*.

* See the lady's dreſſing-room, above, p. 356. V. 118.

The End of the SIXTH VOLUME.